"The Sky is Falling"

by

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&

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This Draft

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PRE-CURTAIN OVERTURE: A subtle, eerie sound effect. A slight "EEEEEE."

1 CURTAIN: ROLL CREDITS: BLOOD RED LETTERS AGAINST A BLACK SCREEN. 1

The "EEEEEE" SOUND continues, growing disturbing...piercing. It builds gradually into a burst of SHRILL SCREAMING -- a synthesized fingernails on the blackboard, RUPTURING into a THUNDERING EXPLOSION as we:

SLAM-CUT TO:

2 EXT. POLICE CAR #54 - NIGHT 2

EXPLODING up the SWELTERING hood of a SPEEDING UNIT #54. The super-charged engine ROARS. The WAILING sirens. PULSATING lights. The vehicle JOLTS. Everything non-essential to the battered old black and white is just a blur.

CUT TO:

3 INT. POLICE CAR #54 - NIGHT 3

The gnarled Arabian face of the driver, OFFICER FRICK. He WAILS at the top of his lungs, mimicking the siren.

The Law Enforcement Radio (Comlink) spurts out the GARBLED transmissions.

OFFICER FRACK
O.S.
(subdued, Arab Accent)
Faster, Frick. Faster.

CUT TO:

4 INT. SUSPECT VEHICLE - NIGHT 4

MANIC LAUGHTER overrides BLARING PSYCHOBILLY MUSIC. The engine THUNDERS like a mutant beast bent on destruction as we

CUT TO:

5 INT. POLICE CAR #54 - NIGHT 5

The Arabian officer riding shotgun, OFFICER FRACK, reaches for the Comlink transmitter. Officer Frack remains icy cool in the midst of some serious heat.

OFFICER FRACK
Unit 54 in pursuit of suspect vehicle.
Requesting down field blocking at
intersection of Irwin and Allen.

DISPATCHER O.S.
Unit 54 - Blocking request acknowledged.

Feeding live shells into his pump-action shotgun, Officer Frack smiles sardonically at Officer Frick.

Officer Frick slam-shifts the vehicle into low gear, mashing down the accelerator. The engine HOWLS like a wounded animal. Officer Frick caresses the nitrous switch. Sweat streaks down his face.

(CONTINUED)

5

Officer Frack speed cocks his weapon, WUSCHCLACK.

OFFICER FRACK
Do it.

Officer Frick flips the switch. SONIC BOOOM! The speedometer leaps forward.

CUT TO:

6 INT. SUSPECT VEHICLE - VARIOUS ANGLES 6

Bundles of cash, exotic weapons and ammunition fill the back of the Vehicle.

We never catch a clear glimpse of the SUSPECTS' attire or faces, which are covered by "Lone Ranger" masks. The DRIVER SUSPECT glances at the strobing lights in his rearview mirror.

DRIVER SUSPECT
They are gaining. What shall I do?

PASSENGER SUSPECT
(English-Cockney accent)
Bung up the fucking music, Brother. Me heart feels like a fucking porcupine.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. POLICE CAR #54 - NIGHT 7

Closing in on the SUSPECT VEHICLE, Officer Frack leans out his window. Assaulted by the wind's torrential force, he fights to raise and aim his weapon.

POV PUMP SHOTGUN: Through the cross-hairs, we see the Suspect Vehicle for the first time. A fucked-out, monkey vomit-brown 1969 PLYMOUTH FURY.

The cross-hairs fix on the back window of the Plymouth Fury. BOOOM! A deafening shot launches us LIKE A BULLET...CRASHING us into the glass. Passenger Suspect looks back over his shoulder.

PASSENGER SUSPECT
(screams)
Bloody savages!

CUT TO:

8 EXT. IRWIN AND ALLEN INTERSECTION - NIGHT 8

The dystophic intersection bears the signs of a Middle Eastern desert community: a modern Sodom, Vegas-style casinos and hotels, SPLASHING waves of GLITTERING lights blend in with cultural aspects of an Arabian marketplace.

A crowd of Arab CIVILIANS stand waiting by a bus stop.

INT. PLYMOUTH FURY (SUSPECT VEHICLE) - VARIOUS ANGLES 9

Approaching the intersection of Irwin and Allen, the Driver Suspect starts a violent right turn.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 9

PASSENGER SUSPECT
This here dragster really has a tendency to slog in on these corners -- which accounts for that sickening "Here we go" sensation. Know what I mean, Brother?

An ORANGE FANNY PACK slides across the seat from the Driver Suspect to the Passenger Suspect. The Driver grabs it and pulls it back next to him, close and steady.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. IRWIN AND ALLEN INTERSECTION - NIGHT 10

Cutting the turn too close, the Plymouth Fury is forced to HUMP the curb. Landing awkwardly, the vehicle's rear tires slam against the street.

11 INT. POLICE CAR #54 - NIGHT 11

Officer Frick's SIREN'S WAIL suddenly ceases. His expression shifts to one of fear. He grabs a tight hold of the wheel.

OFFICER FRICK
We have a problem.

OFFICER FRACK
(sliding back into his seat)
What problem?

OFFICER FRICK
I N E R T I A!

Officer Frack looks up from his weapon and immediately understanding the situation, braces himself for catastrophe.

Approaching the vicious turn at full force, Officer Frick guns the engine in a low gear. While violently spinning the wheel, he slams down on the brakes.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. IRWIN AND ALLEN INTERSECTION - VARIOUS ANGLES 12

Unit #54 overpowers the curve, barreling sickeningly across the intersection toward the bus stop, rocketing towards a bench full of zombie-like Arab Civilians. A manic SHRILL SCREAMING builds, drowning out all other sound. RED FLASH! BOOOM! I M P A C T!

CUT TO:

13 INT. LAW ENFORCEMENT VEHICLE #54 - NIGHT 13

BLOOD RED fills the screen. We hear the bodies TUMBLING off the vehicle. Both Frick and Frack SCREAMING in horror.

WHOOSH, a wiper brushes some blood to the side, smearing a freshly painted windshield. WHOOSH, another wipe reveals the movement of another FOUR POLICE CARS: arriving at the scene and taking off in pursuit of the Plymouth Fury.

CUT TO:

14 INT. PLYMOUTH FURY - NIGHT 14

The Driver Suspect looks up at the rearview mirror and can see the Police Cars moving into attack formation.

DRIVER SUSPECT
Menacing vibrations all around us, Brother.

PASSENGER SUSPECT
No way to hide in this here monster.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. STREET - AERIAL 15

The Police Cars jockey for position in wild pursuit, all competing for the prize of apprehending the Plymouth Fury.

The burning BEAM of a spotlight SWEEPS back and forth, STABBING the action below. The Suspects remain unaware of the spotlight's presence as it TRAILS their car.

CUT TO:

16 INT. PLYMOUTH FURY - NIGHT 16

The Passenger Suspect reaches down below his seat for a large plastic bottle. He opens the fucker, shakes out the last three tablets, eats them and chucks the bottle.

PASSENGER SUSPECT
I have some extremely distressing news. We've just run out of Benzedrine ---

Suddenly from above -- KABOOOOM -- a fireball ERUPTS on the Passenger side of the vehicle sending a shock wave of shrapnel through the Plymouth Fury's windshield.

DRIVER SUSPECT
Holy Mackerel!

Flames everywhere as we look up through the cracked windshield --- the CAMERA ZOOMING in on:

17 EXT. POLICE HELICOPTER - NIGHT 17

A battle-ravaged HUEY lunges into frame with an angry, MECHANIZED SNARL.

A LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICER with a bag full of hand-grenades hangs out of the chopper dropping grenades. The Officer takes a grenade out of the bag pulls the pin with his teeth, and then chucks it towards the Plymouth Fury, just missing it by only a few feet. BOOOOOM! Another deafening blast!

CUT TO:

18 EXT. PLYMOUTH FURY - VARIOUS ANGLES 18

Passenger Suspect grabs a weapon from behind his seat and purposefully slams his body -- head first -- through the cracked

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 18

windshield. Fragments of flying glass bombard our vision as we suddenly find ourselves staring down the loaded bore of a wicked looking BAZOOKA.

PASSENGER SUSPECT
(screaming over the ROTOR ROAR)
That wisdom cuts both ways, Senator!

The Passenger Suspect trains his sights on the Huey and pulls the trigger. BOOOSH! The bazooka's recoil drives him backward into his seat as the Huey takes a direct hit -- KAABBBOOOOMMM -- and goes down in flames directly in front of them.

PASSENGER SUSPECT
(SCREAMING)
Bore it out, Brother! BORE IT OUT!

The Driver Suspect mashes the accelerator into the floor.

CUT TO:

19 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 19

The Plymouth Fury careens under the Police Helicopter's incinerated hull as it CRASHES to the pavement.

The pursuing Police Cars cannot escape the gravity of the situation and RAM the downed Huey full force, prompting a massive EXPLOSION.

CUT TO:

20 INT. PLYMOUTH FURY - NIGHT 20

Both Suspects stare back over their seats at the devastation which lies in their wake.

DRIVER SUSPECT
Now that's what I call, "A baptism of fire!"

PASSENGER SUSPECT
Amen Brother! Amen!

The Suspects simultaneously turn their masked faces toward each other, breaking out in MURDEROUS LAUGHTER.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. MILIUS CAUSEWAY - NIGHT 21

The BLOODIED wreck of Police Car #54 skids cross-wise into the intersection, sluing sideways into a HEAD-ON-COLLISION position with the Plymouth Fury.

22 INT. PLYMOUTH FURY - NIGHT 22

The suspects' laughter suddenly stops as they simultaneously look ahead and see Police Car #54 barreling straight towards them.

DRIVER SUSPECT
GIRD UP YOUR LOINS, BROTHER. This is going to be HEAVY.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: 22

PASSENGER SUSPECT
Understand: we're HEAVIER.

23 EXT. MILIUS CAUSEWAY - VARIOUS ANGLES 23

SLOW MOTION -- HIGH ANGLE OVER THE POINT OF COLLISION: Both vehicles flutter into frame -- A manic SHRILL SCREAMING drowning out all other sound.

I M P A C T! The Plymouth Fury tramples the Police car into a backward ROLL -- sending it, TUMBLING, CRASHING overturned into a wall of STREAMING LIGHTS. The war-torn Plymouth Fury SPUTTERS to a resounding halt in the middle of the intersection.

SILENCE as the smoke clears. The cracked police strobes of Unit #54 CHURN a flux of RED and BLUE LIGHT over the whole ruinous scene.

24 INT/EXT. POLICE CAR #54 - NIGHT 24

Officer Frick is critically wounded and spewing blood.The entire left side of his body has been marred by a sharp piece of metal. Using his right leg and arm, Frick manages to crawl out of the wreckage only to find Officer Frack's pulverized body strewn out along the pavement -- ripped, bloodied, and lifeless. Frick crimps his eyes shut in dread.

Officer Frick HEARS the CREAK of the Plymouth Fury's door opening. He looks up and sees the Driver Suspect step out of the vehicle. Frick frantically strains to grasp the dangling Comlink transmitter but can't reach it. He begins to HYPERVENTILATE in fear of what is to come as he watches the Driver Suspect approach.

The Driver Suspect examines Officer Frack's carcass and then turns his attention to Officer Frick. Pulling away his mask, the Driver Suspect reveals the smiling face of FATHER FELIX CROWLEY: a murderous cleric who bears a striking resemblance to the late, great, Vincent Price.

FELIX
(earnest, sweet and innocent)
Why, hello there! My name is Father Crowley. And who might you be?

OFFICER FRICK
(stuttering in terror)
Frick. Officer Frick.

FELIX
Yes. Yes, of course. Greetings, Officer Frick.
(yells back to the Plymouth)
This one is still alive, Brother. His name is Officer Frick.

ANGLE CLOSE ON PLYMOUTH FURY: The passenger door opens and out steps the Passenger Suspect --- brandishing a SLEDGEHAMMER in one hand and tightening the ORANGE FANNY PACK around his waist with the other. He then rips off his mask revealing the pugnacious face of FATHER RINGO MICHAELS. When looking at Father Ringo Michaels two words come to mind: pitbull, angel-dust.

MOVING with Father Ringo as he makes his way over to Felix, leans down, and regards Frick with mild interest.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 24

RINGO
(matter-of-fact tone)
Wotcher, Mick! How's business?

OFFICER FRICK
(spits blood into Ringo's face)
Fuck you. Fuck both of you.

RINGO
(amused)
Cooo! You're a rum one, aren't you? Yes, well, be not wise in your own conceits young copper -- cause any trigger happy cleric with a grudge against the whole fucking universe will be very likely indeed to take that grudge out on the nearest heavenly-minded ponce, such as yourself.

FELIX
Well spoken, Brother.

OFFICER FRICK
Allah, save me...

Ringo and Felix look at each other and begin to GIGGLE uncontrollably. Ringo grips the sledgehammer and begins moving towards Officer Frick.

FELIX
(still giggling)
Frick, my Son, give up the ghost and lick the dust because you're in for a big surprise.

SLAM-CUT TO:

25 EXT. DEATH VALLEY - JUST BEFORE DAWN 25

A BLACK MERCEDES LIMO drives down a desert road towards what appears to be a military encampment. The encampment is surrounded by a huge cyclone fence and guard towers. The limo approaches the entrance to the base.

A HOODED MONK with a machine-gun slung over his shoulder waves the limo through the gate and past a sign which reads: "**Interfaith Archeological Site #47 - Death Valley**". Below the inscription there is the Interfaith logo: a crucifix situated in the center of the Star of David.

We pull out to reveal the limo's destination: a giant aircraft hangar.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. INTERFAITH ARCHEOLOGICAL SITE #47 - DAWN 26

FOUR ARMED MONKS stand waiting in front of the enormous aircraft hangar. Situated about fifty yards to the left of the Monks, a Mack tractor pulling a refrigerated trailer. The trailer's rear doors are open.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: 26

A forklift carrying a payload of what appears to be bulging body-bags emerges from the depths of the hangar and heads for the tractor-trailer.

The Mercedes limo pulls up in front of the waiting Monks, the door opens and a dark figure emerges from the car. In his appearance and movements, HANS LANGERMAN looks like a cross between a hardcore mobster and a cold-blooded Officer in the Nazi high command. His black-gloved fist clutches the handle of a steel briefcase, cuffed to his wrist.

An armed Monk presents Langerman with a velvet hood. He nods begrudgingly. As the hood is slipped over his head, Langerman catches a glimpse of the forklift loading the body-bags into the rear of the refrigerated trailer.

The monks close in around Langerman and usher him to the hangar.

27 INT. SITE HANGAR - DAWN 27

The dimly lit hangar is filled with an endless maze of humming, blinking machinery through which the Monks guide Langerman. Cables, wires, and ducts from the equipment all lead towards the hangar's center.

As Langerman and the Monks approach through a row of generators, A BLOODY ARM suddenly flops down in the foreground. Two INTERFAITH GRUNTS, clad in military-type khakis, lift a dead body from behind an air pump. The Monks guide the unaware Langerman around the Grunts as they tag and photograph the body before dumping it into the bag. In the strobe of the flash, we see that the head has been totally crushed in.

As Langerman and the Monks approach the hangar's center, we begin to see more evidence that something horrible has recently happened in this place. Something Ungodly. This is the site of a massacre. Bodies scattered everywhere --- all with their heads crushed in. Interfaith Grunts working in silence as they chalk, tag, photograph and bag the carcasses.

Situated in the center of the hangar is a massive black hole -- one hundred yards in diameter. A perfect circle. Caution lights have been placed around its perimeter. All of the ducts, cables, and wires from the machinery drop over the sides. A large cage elevator connected to a crane stands near by.

The Monks move Langerman into the elevator. An old radio speaker hung in the elevator sputters to life and begins playing a scratchy 30's version of Duke Ellington's "I've Got the World on a String" The cage lifts up and begins its descent into the pit.

CUT TO:

28 INT. THE VOID - DAWN 28

The dimly lit elevator cage drops into the impenetrable blackness of the void. In the distance, we see beacon lights, flashlights, and camera flashes.

29 INT. THE VOID - GROUND ZERO - DAWN 29

The elevator gently touches down on the ground inside of the void. As soon as the men get out, MORE INTERFAITH GRUNTS begin piling body-bags into the lift for the ride back up.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: 29

Langerman is led into a golf cart from where "I've Got the World on a String" is also emanating. The driver is the SMILING DEACON: a ghoulish Igor-type hunchback always accompanied by a strange HISSING.

30 INT. THE VOID - INTERFAITH SECURITY COUNCIL HEADQUARTERS 30

The cart pulls up to a large elevated platform situated in the middle of the void. A large conference table sits on top of this platform.

The illusion created is that of a large elegant boardroom with no walls or ceiling. In the corner is a low-fi, 1950's communications console. Antique tapestries and gilded mirrors hang on poles. A chandelier hangs on a chain going up into the blackness.

Seated at the conference table are three men in a combination of military and ecclesiastical attire. The Interfaith Symbol adorns their lapels above their name tags: MINISTER ICK, MINISTER SICK and MINISTER DICK. The far end of the table is obscured by darkness.

The Smiling Deacon leads Langerman up a small flight of stairs, seats him at the near end of the table and pulls off his hood. The Deacon then retreats to a corner, quietly hissing.

MINISTER ICK
Greetings, Mister Langerman. We were surprised to hear from you so soon.

Langerman says nothing --- scans his surroundings with an uneasy curiosity.

LANGERMAN
(thick German accent)
Where am I?

MINISTER ICK
You are here with us, in the dark ---

MINISTER DICK
In the void ---

MINISTER SICK
In the womb of time. The WOMB of TIME.

MINISTER ICK
We trust you were not too inconvenienced by our security measures. There are certain sensitive materials here at the site which warrant further study before they be made available for outside scrutiny.

MINISTER DICK
Now, what news have you to report?

Langerman gives the Ministers a hard glare, uncuffs his briefcase and then opens it. He pulls out two dossiers labeled "Father Felix P. Crowley" and "Father Ringo R. Michaels."

Langerman then removes a slide carousel from the briefcase.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: 30

LANGERMAN
(thick, clipped German accent)
I have images.

Ick CLAPS. The Smiling Deacon takes the carousel and places it on a slide projector in the corner. The Deacon then positions a retractable projection screen in front of the table.

Langerman takes the remote control. The first slide that CLACKS onto the screen is a split-screen of two 8x10 photographs --- one of Father Felix Crowley, the other of Father Ringo Michaels --- both men smiling like pious, loving clerics.

LANGERMAN
Four days ago your organization asked for the Syndicate's cooperation in helping you find and detain these two handsome and godly clerics: archeological excavation director Father Felix P. Crowley, and his assistant, Father Ringo Michaels.

The next few slides that CLACK onto the screen are time-coded security camera photos that show the masked figures of Father Felix and Father Ringo walking into a gun shop.

LANGERMAN
Three days ago, at approximately three fifteen in the afternoon, Father Crowley and Father Michaels killed an arms dealer in Barstow.

As the slides continue we see Ringo and Felix sledgehammering a gun dealer in the head and walking out with guns and ammo.

LANGERMAN(cont'd)
They crushed his skull with a sledgehammer and made off with twenty thousand dollars in guns and ammunition.

Minister Sick lets out a CRY of distress. Ick and Dick exchange a nervous look.

The next few slides on the screen show the masked figures of Ringo and Felix holding up a pharmacy. Ringo's holding the sledgehammer. Felix, a machine-gun.

LANGERMAN
Two days ago, your two priests held up a Drug'n'Stuff Emporium in Evelyn, California. They stole ten thousand dollars worth of amphetamines, opiates, and laxatives. Four people were killed.

The slides continue.

LANGERMAN(cont'd)
All of these images were obtained through my contacts in Law Enforcement, who I am told, have made the apprehension of your two priests their top priority. This complicates matters. As does this...

In the next few slides,we see the 1969 Plymouth Fury being driven through the front of a casino. Next, the masked figures of Father

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: 30

Felix and Father Ringo rampaging through the casino with hard-core weaponry.

LANGERMAN
These pictures were taken just four hours ago when your two priests knocked over the Fata Morgana Casino in North Vegas. This casino... was one of mine, a Syndicate Operation.

MINISTER DICK
So then you have apprehended them, yes?

LANGERMAN
Nein. They escaped --- killing twenty one people and making off with close to four hundred thousand of MY DOLLARS in the process...

Minister Dick slams his head "fuck-me" into the table.

MINISTER ICK
Mister Langerman, you assured us this task could be completed quickly and quietly.

Langerman CLACKS the last of the casino slides onto the screen -- it is a horrifying photo -- Father Crowley and Father Felix standing side by side, maniacal smiles plastered across their faces as they wildly fire their machine guns.

LANGERMAN
I made that assurance based on the information with which you provided me. Information which was incomplete. You see. This is what you gave me.

Langerman pushes the remote and CLACKS the first slide of Ringo and Felix, the smiling, pious clerics, onto the screen ---

LANGERMAN(cont'd)
(pointing to pictures)
And THIS ---
(clacks back to previous photo of two psychotic priests)
IS NOT THAT!

Langerman is acid pissed. He gives all the Ministers a grim-eyed glare and sits.

MINISTER ICK
We are not quite at ease with including the likes of organized crime in the Council's affairs. Unfortunately, this delicate situation requires an intermediary -- one proficient in handling such matters.

MINISTER SICK
We provided you with what pertinent information we had concerning these men.

30 CONTINUED: 30

MINISTER DICK
I do hope you're not implying that we knew these priests were capable of such violence, but said nothing.

MINISTER SICK
We only suspected they might be in some sort of trouble.

LANGERMAN
(snaps angrily)
And exactly what sort of trouble did you suspect them to be in, Herr Minister?

MINISTER ICK
This site is of great religious significance. Until we better understand it, we felt it prudent not to have these men unaccounted for.

MINISTER SICK
Calm yourself Mister Langerman, we understand your agitation ---

LANGERMAN
The Syndicate does not require your understanding. We have taken great risks and sustained considerable losses --- losses for which I am holding you all responsible.

A lighter sparks, setting fire to a porcelain opium-pipe. A gasp of inhalation as the contents are "cherried," a red glow reflecting in a pair of tinted spectacles.

From the darkness at the end of the table, a sinisterly DISEMBODIED VOICE speaks in a Japanese accent.

DISEMBODIED VOICE
(severely)
You hold us responsible? Mister Langerman, you cannot even begin to fathom what we are responsible for.

An exhaling WHEEZE. A stream of smoke flows out from the darkness. CARDINAL CARTEKKER, in his automated armchair, advances to his position at the head of the table. Cartekker is a twisted Dr. Fu Manchu, dressed in red and black satin with distinctive bars and a grand insignia.

CARTEKKER
This Council serves all of the world's monotheistic religions by protecting the future of faith on Earth. What is at risk for us is the greatest of all possible losses: the very souls of every man, woman, and child on this planet.
(takes a toke off his pipe)
For what does it profit a man to gain the world, if he suffers the loss of his immortal soul?

LANGERMAN
(laughs)
Cardinal Cartekker, I am a man of numbers, my business is in things material. Unlike
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: 30

LANGERMAN (cont'd)
you, whose business is clearly with the immaterial.

CARTEKKER
Herr Langerman, it should be quite clear to you from our past, less amicable dealings, that the Council tolerates the Syndicate only as a necessary evil. You exist because we allow you to exist.

Langerman glares at Cartekker. He knows Cartekker is right.

LANGERMAN
What is it you want from me?

CARTEKKER
Based on evidence of things not seen, this Council has no choice but to assume that Father Felix Crowley and Father Ringo Michaels have become heretics in the eyes of our Lord. Consequently, they have become a threat not only to the innocent -- but to the sacred doctrine of faith as a whole. And it is this Council's duty to deal severely with such threats.
(after a long beat)
We have no alternative but to issue a covenant with death.

Cartekker takes a grim toke off his pipe.

CARTEKKER
Herr Langerman, set thine house in order. THE HERETICS MUST DIE. I have spoken!

WHIRRING, Cartekker seeps back into the darkness.

MINISTER ICK
This must be a terminal service. Only one assassin -- himself to be quietly disposed of after the deed.

LANGERMAN
(nodding, thinking out loud)
I once knew a man ideal for such a task.

CARTEKKER
(from within the darkness)
We'll see, Mister Langerman. I have known killers of every sort in my lifetime. None ever measured up to their fate.

LANGERMAN
We'll be in touch.

Langerman stands and the Smiling Deacon puts the hood over his head. Langerman is led back to the cart and driven off.

The insane images of Ringo and Felix remain on the screen, increasing the aura of anxiety in the room.

MINISTER SICK
(looking at picture)
How can this be happening?

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: 30

MINISTER SICK
(cont'd)
Perhaps we should have told him everything that had transpired here. I mean it's clear that Father Michaels and Father Crowley are responsible for the massacre---

MINISTER DICK
Tell Langerman the truth!?

MINISTER ICK
But more importantly: What is the truth? What could have happened to these pious and gentle pillars of the church that would turn them into their opposite in a period of less than twenty-four hours?

MINISTER DICK
Could it be what we've feared all along: that this archeological site is not some ancient consecrated shrine, but is, in fact...a tomb?

CARTEKKER
(from within the darkness)
Enough. A decision has been made. If there is no way out, the best course is to go further in.

CUT TO:

31 EXTREME CLOSE-UP ON A BULLET BEING LOADED INTO ONE OF SIX EMPTY CHAMBERS OF A .38 SPECIAL. THE GUN'S CYLINDER SPINS SHUT. 31

32 EXT. NORTH VEGAS STREET - DAY 32

A gang of SEVEN angel-faced ALTAR BOYS, clad in tattered cassocks, have gathered on the front steps of a shot-to-shit church. They are all about seventeen years old. The leader of the group, ALTAR BOY #1, has the .38 Special in his right hand.

ALTAR BOY#1
So little brother, you wanna to be part of our sacred crew? You wanna be an Altar Boy?

Standing before the Boys, an anxious, young STREET PUNK cracking an eager to please smile. The Punk's clearly intimidated.

STREET PUNK
Am I that transparent? Yes. Yes Jerry, I wanna be an Altar Boy.

ALTAR BOY#4
And are you ready to test your faith and stand in judgement?

The Punk nods "yes".

ALTAR BOY#7
You're sure about that? Remember little brother, Judgement is a five-to-one proposition if you wanna be one of us...

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: 32

STREET PUNK
(licking his lips)
I don't care. I want in.

ALTAR BOY#1
Well then on your knees.---

Altar Boy#1 turns around and using his hands, gestures to his compatriots that he's giving the Punk four-to-one odds. The rest of the Altar Boys gesture back as to whether or not they'll take his action and for how much. Once the bets have been placed, Altar Boy#1 turns back to the Street Punk and hands him the weapon.

ALTAR BOY#1
Is the Lord your savior? Is He your rock, and your fortress, and your deliverer?

STREET PUNK#1
The Lord is my savior. He alone is my rock and salvation; he is my defense. I shall not be moved.

ALTAR BOY#1
Very well little brother ---put the gun to your head, pull the trigger and let your soul receive instruction.

The Street Punk puts the gun to his head, pulls the trigger and BOOOOM --- blows his brains out. All the Altar Boys' faces, except for Altar Boy #1, register sudden shock and alarm --- they quickly attempt to regain their composure.

Altar Boy#1 holds his hand out and collects on his winnings from the other Boys --- all of whom are CURSING the Street Punk. Taking the bloody gun out of the Punk's hand Altar Boy#1 looks up and centers his attention on a STRANGER standing across the street, watching them..

The STRANGER holds his stern gaze for a few more moments. He's got a definite hardboiled vibe to him, a burned-out, sickly looking caricature of Humphrey Bogart. He wears a shot-to-shit suit beneath a tattered trench and has the face of a man with enormous feelings kept in check --- churning tension beneath a still mask. This man is FRANK DOYLE. Frank is carrying a grocery bag.

ALTAR BOY#1 (cont'd)
What the fuck are you looking at?

Saying nothing, Frank turns away and resumes a steady stride down the block. MOVING with Altar Boy#1 as he skips across the street and confronts Frank. The other Altar Boys follow their leader and surround Frank.

ALTAR BOY#1
Is there a problem, Dad?

Frank gives Altar Boy#1 an icy glare, shakes "no" and then tries to pass. Altar Boy#4 shoves him back violently. Frank drops his bag which turns out to be filled with vigil candles.

ALTAR BOY#4
Dad's got a problem alright --- you can see it in his eyes. Dad's judging us---

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: 32

ALTAR BOY#1
Judging us!? You dare stand in judgement of the Altar Boys? This is our street, Dad! Our fucking diocese!
(slow, low and angry)
Who the fuck do you think you are?

FRANK
(tough Irish accent)
A sick man. Now stand aside and let me pass.

ALTAR BOY#1
Sure, Dad, we'll stand aside --- AFTER we've stood in judgement of you.

Altar Boy#1 opens the guns cylinder and shakes out the spent shell.

ALTAR BOY#6
Judge not, that you be not judged yourself, dad.

FRANK
I don't want any trouble ---

Altar Boy#1 takes out a new bullet, puts it into a chamber and spins the cylinder shut.

ALTAR BOY#1
It's too late for that, Dad --- the time has come for me to test your faith. Now on your knees.

Frank doesn't move, frozen in a cold sweat. His lack of repartee is creating a bad vacuum. Four of the Altar Boys suddenly produce telescoping blackjack impact weapons and lock them into action with the SNAP of their wrists.

ALTAR BOY#7
Didn't you hear him? On your knees!

Altar Boy#7 punctuates his command by brutally smashing Frank across the base of his spine with the blackjack. Frank staggers forward in mind-numbing agony --- the pain he's experiencing is totally disproportionate to the blow he was dealt. We can see the whites of Frank's eyes turn red with blood.

A subtle, eerie sound is suddenly HEARD. A slight "EEEEEE."

POV FRANK: All we can HEAR is the subtle, eerie "EEEEEE" sound Looking up at Altar Boy#1 as he points the gun at us. Everything suddenly getting extremely bright and washed out, like someone just set off a strobe. The barrel of the gun fills the screen and the "EEEEEE" begins to transform into a bloodcurdling HUMAN SCREAM as we:

FLASH CUT TO:

ONE SECOND LATER

EXTREME CLOSE-UP OF A HUMAN MOUTH SCREAMING IN PAIN

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: 32

WE PULL OUT TO REVEAL the bloodied and busted face of Altar Boy #1. Frank has the poor bastard in a gruesome headlock -- his neck is about to snap. Four other Altar Boys lay near by in broken heaps. The rest of the gang is running away, terrified.

Frank's face is ice cold, emotionless. He's lost in a trance of pure instinct.

ALTAR BOY#1
(crying)
Please, Dad, don't kill me --- Jesus Christ...don't kill me...

The Altar Boy's plea suddenly breaks the trance. Frank looks up as if waking out of a dream and it slowly dawns on him what he's done. Frank immediately releases the boy, who slumps to the ground in defeated anguish. Frank then begins to back away from the five badly injured Altar Boys, terrified with himself and horrified by what he's done.

MOVING WITH FRANK as he staggers away from the scene, quickly breaking into a loping stride, and then a jog, finally ducking down the ramshackle stairwell of a run-down tenement building.

33 INT. TENEMENT BASEMENT - DAY 33

Frank staggers down into the basement of a rotting old tenement. Frank heads for the door located on the opposite side of the chamber.

34 INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - DAY 34

The apartment's only source of illumination is coming from a tiny nightlight. Frank enters the room, closes the door, stumbles over to the sink and turns on the faucet.

Dropping his head into the basin, he lets the water run over his neck and face for a bit before turning off the tap. There is a cracked mirror hanging on the wall in front of the sink. Hanging above the mirror, a crucifix. Dangling above the crucifix, a lightbulb. Next to the sink there is a little table on top of which there are fifty-nine vigil candles, all of them burned down to stumps.

CLOSE ON FRANK: Looking at himself in the mirror. He is dripping wet --- the nightlight casting his face in an eerie glow. You can see that this man is on the verge of a breakdown but you can't see him well enough to know whether it's mental, physical or both.

Frank closes his eyes, bows his head and MUMBLES an inaudible prayer.

The dark narcotic LAUGH of a WOMAN is suddenly HEARD. Frank doesn't turn around. Keeping his face to the wall, he grabs the lightbulb's chain, jerks it on and illuminates the sultry figure of ANGELICA TERSEAU.

ANGELICA
(tough, throaty)
You're all wet, Frank. You haven't got a prayer.

Catching her reflection in the mirror, Frank can see that she's seated on the bed behind him. When looking at Angelica one can't

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: 34

help but think that if Veronica Lake and Gloria Swanson fucked and had a baby, this is what she'd look like at age forty.

Frank says nothing, and avoids Angel's eyes in the mirror.

ANGELICA (cont'd)
What's the matter, Frank? Don't you have the mettle to face me? (beat) Well just imagine how funky and inadequate I must feel --- three years of thinking you were dead and this is what's become of you?!
(gesturing to surroundings)
This is what you left me for?

Frank says nothing, does nothing. Angelica nervously takes out a cigarette, lights it up.

ANGELICA (cont'd)
Say something Frank.

FRANK
(ice cold)
What are you doing here, Angel?

Angelica trys not to get emotional about Frank's lack of emotion. She takes a long drag off her butt and lets loose a bitchy "that figures" CHUCKLE.

ANGELICA
I've been sent to fetch you. Langerman, he wants to talk.

FRANK
Langerman and I have got nothing to talk about. He's well aware of my fate: I'm dead and done for, that was the deal. Now go back and tell him that.

ANGELICA
I can't Frank. I need you to tell him that yourself. You see because if you don't come back with me, I'm the one that's going to end up numbered with the dead.

FRANK
And you expect me to believe this?

ANGELICA
You're better lost than found to me prick, so don't flatter yourself. I mean do you really think I'd be here right now if I didn't have to be? (beat) But I've got debts, Frank. I owe them---

FRANK
The deficits are always closing in. That's the nature of the business. You should just get out before you suffer a fate worse than death.

Frank's last comment pierces Angelica like an icepick in the heart. She sags visibly, tears welling up in her eyes. After taking a few moments to recover, Angelica gets up from the bed, has one last drag off her cigarette, puts it out on the floor and walks over to the door.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: 34

ANGELICA
I only had one chance of getting out Frank --- and when you disappeared, it disappeared with you.

Frank looks over his shoulder at Angelica as she opens the door. They lock eyes with each other. Frank and Angelica sharing one agonizing moment together before she disappears.

CLOSE ON FRANK: Turning back to look at himself in the mirror, the stone-cold expression on his face melts away into one of self-loathing, frustration and guilt as we:

CUT TO:

35 EXT. LAS VEGAS, NEVADA - AERIAL - DUSK 35

A BLACK CHOPPER approaches the dusty skyline of downtown Las Vegas, Nevada.

CUT TO:

36 INT. SYNDICATE HEADQUARTERS - LANGERMAN'S OFFICE - DUSK 36

The office is functional and elegant -- from the Gestapo school of design. A 1930'ish RADIO in the corner broadcasts STOCK QUOTES.

Langerman is behind a large desk elevated on a dais. He has the priest's dossiers open in front of him, studying them intently. SUB-DIRECTOR QUIMBY , a dashing, elderly gentleman dressed in a tux, sipping a martini, sits in front of the desk watching him in a gentle, maternal way.

LANGERMAN
Quite astonishing in their abilities, these two priests. A chaogenous display of power, yes? It's as if they have no care of consequence -- bequeathed with some unnamed and ill-tempered liberation. But amid the havoc, one element remains quite clear: there is a method in their madness.

Langerman turns back to the window and takes a long, pensive drag of his cigarette.

QUIMBY
(wistfully German accent)
Penny for your thoughts, mein führer.

LANGERMAN
There is a larger wheel turning here, Sub-Director. There is something going on. I saw the way Cartekker and his Ministers looked upon these images -- they were afraid. They fear these men -- and if we can find out why -- then we can make them fear us as well.

QUIMBY
But you are quite certain that Frank Doyle is the best choice for this assignment?

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: 36

LANGERMAN
Sub-Director, men never do evil so completely and cheerfully as when they do it from religious convictions. Besides, Herr Doyle will not be able to make a move without me knowing about it.

QUIMBY
And Angelica? She will do what is expected of her -- to the end?

LANGERMAN
Of course, women never do evil so completely and cheerfully as when they do it to spite the man who has scorned them.

A small bulb on a wooden panel begins BLINKING, accompanied by a MECHANICAL CHIRPING. Quimby leans over and switches on the ENCODER PHONE: a communication device that looks like a combination of a typewriter and speaker-phone.

He inserts a clean sheet of paper and pushes the "translate" button. We hear a DISTORTED VOICE being transmitted over strange patterns of Morse code as the machine types out a transcription. Quimby pulls out the transcript and perches a pair of very proper reading glasses on the end of his nose. In the background we can hear the sound of an APPROACHING HELICOPTER

QUIMBY
"Frank Doyle has arrived."

Langerman and Quimby exchange nervous glances as we:

CUT TO:

37 EXT. TRIPLEX NURSING HOME - DUSK 37

A three story building of Bauhaus design. Above the building's entrance, an illuminated sign reads: "Triplex Nursing Home - Las Vegas". An ominous BLACK HUEY approaches the Triplex roof.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. TRIPLEX HELIPAD - DUSK 38

TWENTY-FIVE MEN in flack jackets and riot helmets, brandishing Schmeisser MP40 sub-machine guns, pile out of the roof access door and position themselves around the large landing circle.

The Huey touches down and the men raise their weapons, poised, alert, and ready for the unexpected.

The Huey's door opens and Angelica steps out, followed by Frank and another Syndicate thug holding a Mauser to Frank's head.

All twenty-five men take a reflexive step backwards and grip their weapons tightly -- trying to keep Frank in their sights.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: 38

Angelica smirks at this fearful show of firepower. Frank looks grim and unimpressed.

Sub-Director Quimby comes out of the roof elevator to greet them with a sinister "Gene Kelley" smile.

QUIMBY
It's wonderful to see you Frank. I've missed you so.

Sub-Director Quimby produces a pair of thick manacles. Frank regards them and then glances around at the twenty-five men.

QUIMBY
Herr Langerman, possesses a salient memory, Frank. You, of all people, shouldn't condemn him for his caution.

Frank's face falls introspectively.

FRANK
No. I suppose I can't at that.

Frank slowly turns his back to Sub-Director Quimby , placing his hands behind him. Frank stares Angelica in the face as Quimby snaps the cuffs on him.

QUIMBY (cont'd)
(gesturing to the door)
Shall we?

They head toward the elevator door followed by the twenty-five gun-toting men still nervously keeping their distance.

CUT TO:

39 INT. TRIPLEX NURSING HOME - DUSK 39

The elevator doors open and Quimby, Frank, and two thugs emerge into a long, corridor.

MOVING with Sub-Director Quimby as he guides Frank and the others down the corridor to a large metal cell-like door as we:

CUT TO:

40 INT. SAFE ROOM - DUSK 40

Sub-Director Quimby and the two armed thugs lead Frank into a small, poorly lit room. There is one chair in the room facing the far wall. The thugs push Frank in as Sub-Director Quimby lingers by the door.

QUIMBY
Herr Langerman will be with you shortly, Frank. Make yourself comfortable.

Frank suddenly tosses Sub-Director Quimby the manacles. Sub-Director Quimby stares at them and Frank in nervous disbelief.

FRANK
Right.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: 40

Sub-Director Quimby looks startled and the thugs slowly back out of the room, guns on Frank. The door closes and locks with a metal CLANG.

Langerman's VOICE suddenly comes out of nowhere.

LANGERMAN
Herr Doyle, it has been some time, yes?

The entire wall facing the chair begins to slide open. Behind the wall is a thick window of bulletproof glass separating Frank's room from Langerman's office. Langerman swivels his chair and watches Frank intently -- like a pervert at a peep show.

Once the wall has slid all the way open, it appears as if Frank's room is a natural, organic extension of Langerman's office. The light from the office fills up the new additional section and the decors blend seamlessly into one another.

Frank locks eyes with Langerman and silently takes his seat.

LANGERMAN(con't)
Frank, you must forgive my strong-arm tactics. Angelica was the only card I could play to get you here.

FRANK
We had a deal. I'm dead.

LANGERMAN
Yes, well, circumstances require us to renegotiate.

FRANK
Find someone else.

LANGERMAN
You would, at least, like to know what it is I'm offering, yes?

FRANK
I don't want to have anything to do with yer scag fucking Syndicate.

LANGERMAN
Yes, my sources tell me you have become a very religious man. You have donated your money, time, everything that you have, to your church. How do you say...Men rea--?

FRANK
Aye. Mea culpa. Mea maxima fuckin' culpa. The blood guilt finally edged me out. What of it?

LANGERMAN
Frank, what if I were to tell you that the very religious organization with which you've become so hopelessly devoted is the contractor for this assignment.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: 40

FRANK
I'd say you were fuckin' daft.

LANGERMAN
Yes -- well, don't take my word for it --

Langerman puts the two dossiers in a clear cylinder, and pops it into a pneumatic tube on the wall. The cylinder is sucked in the tube with a WHOOSH, travels up into the ceiling, and pops out the other end of the tube on Frank's side.

LANGERMAN (cont'd)
--see for yourself.

FRANK
I told you -- I don't want to know, I don't care, and it doesn't matter anyway. I'm dead.

LANGERMAN
Please, Frank. Indulge me.

Frank gives Langerman a hard stare which he doesn't break as he removes the dossiers from the cylinder. He finally glances down at the dossiers and looks amazed at the names on the files: FATHER FELIX CROWLEY, FATHER RINGO MICHAELS.

FRANK
Priests!? The church wants to hit two priests? Impossible.

LANGERMAN
Eliminate the impossible. If nothing remains, some part of the impossible must be possible. See for yourself, yes?

Frank flips through the files. Bad electricity in his eyes.

LANGERMAN
(cont'd)
It seems these priests have been very naughty boys, no?

Frank holds up various photos from the Vegas Heist: Ringo and Felix brandishing all kinds of hard-core weapons.

FRANK
M-79's. Enfield 185's... Qmac R.P.G. Two Manvilles? An M20 Super-Bazooka? Where'd two priests get a hold of this kind of heavy ordinance?

LANGERMAN
They hit and rolled a North Vegas arms dealer.

FRANK
This is a job for Law Enforcement, not me.

LANGERMAN
The church seems eager to avert a publicity nightmare by taking care of the
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

LANGERMAN (cont'd)
problem themselves -- with the aide of the Syndicate, of course.

Frank shakes his head in disbelief -- he's not convinced.

CLOSE ON DOSSIERS: Pictures from the arms dealer, the drug store and the Las Vegas Heist slide through Frank's hands.

LANGERMAN
(cont'd)
Look at them, Frank. Still wearing the sacred cloth of God's church -- making a vicious mockery of all that you and your faith hold dear. These two priests must be held accountable for their transgressions. They must pay the price.

Frank takes a few long beats to think everything over. He glances at the dossiers, looks at a few pictures.

FRANK
This is dangerous lunacy, Hans. The kind of thing only a real rat-fuck connoisseur of edge-work, like yourself, could make an argument for ---

LANGERMAN
Come now, Frank, a man should at least have the courage of his sins. What would it take for you to come back?

Frank drops the dossiers on the chair and gets up to leave.

FRANK
An act of God.

Langerman breaks out in a genial smile of cruelty as Frank heads for the door.

LANGERMAN
Yes. Well, that can be arranged.

Frank knocks on the door to let himself out. Langerman stands up and approaches the glass.

LANGERMAN
Frank, do you really think you can erase your past by leading this pitiable existence?

Langerman comes right up to the glass.

LANGERMAN (cont'd)
You're struggling, Frank. You and I both know that common absolution is not going to be enough for a man such as you. If there is a God, he knows what you were -- and what you still are: a killer. This is your legacy.

Frank stops and turns back to Langerman -- he's hit a nerve.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: 40

LANGERMAN
(cont'd)
You know it's true, yes?..I can prove to you that what I'm saying is genuine -- prove it by offering you what you need most: a guarantee -- a guarantee for your immortal soul.

FRANK
What are you talking about?

LANGERMAN
Your talents can cover up a multitude of sin --- and in exchange for these talents, your Church is willing to grant you a Universal Indulgence: a total remission of all punishment in this world -- AND the next --- your salvation guaranteed.

FRANK
(confounded)
You're not serious!?

LANGERMAN
Indeed, I am, Frank. Forgiveness is where you buy it in this world.

FRANK
If you want me to believe that, you're gonna have to prove it.

LANGERMAN
(smiling)
Of course. Consider it done.

Langerman walks back to his desk, pushes a button and the door to Frank's room unlocks.

LANGERMAN (cont'd)
We'll be in touch, Herr Doyle.

Frank takes a step towards the door and then turns back around to face Langerman.

FRANK
One last thing Hans. --- Why?

LANGERMAN
Why what?

FRANK
Why are these priests doing what they're doing?

LANGERMAN
God only knows ---
(chuckles)
but He just doesn't seem to be saying right now.

The sliding wall closes between them as we:

CUT TO:

11 EXT/INT. 69' PLYMOUTH FURY - NIGHT 41

Father Ringo is driving with a sickening gleefulness --- doing 110mph down a desolate highway --- the radio blasting the Deuce Coupes' immortal hot rod classic: "Nite Prowler". The orange fanny pack strapped tightly around his waist.

Father Felix is riding shotgun and looking at a map. The backseat is filled with weapons and ammo and bags of cash.

RINGO
(manic)
Hoy! I've got a powerful lust for some vagina, Brother. I want the finest vagina available to mankind and I want it now!

FELIX
(frustrated with the map)
But I don't know where we are --- this outlandish map. It's disfigured beyond any realm of comprehension. And these symbols--

Ringo rips the map from Felix's hands and throws it out the window.

FELIX (cont'd)
What'd you do that for?

RINGO
The bloody map isn't the thing. The thing's the thing, Brother.

FELIX
What THING are you speaking of?

RINGO
The THING is SPEED! The rate of motion. The magnitude of velocity. Speed! We must 'ave speed! For as long as we 'ave it, anything's possible!
(screaming maniacally)
SPEED IS OUR NEW CREED, BROTHER! SPEED IS OUR CREED!

Ringo SLAM-SHIFTS the car into fourth and as they surge forward a lone Dairy Queen magically appears outstretched along the highway ahead. Ringo and Felix's attention immediately ZOOM IN on the FIVE PROSTITUTES that just happen to be standing under the BUZZZZING illumination of the Dairy Queen roadsign. They too have materialized out of nowhere, like apparitions of the night.

FELIX
(astounded,points to the girls)
Look there! Look at the Vagina! It's a miracle!

RINGO
That's no miracle, Brother, that's speed.

FELIX
Alas --- I have seen the light!

42 EXT. DAIRY QUEEN - NIGHT 42

The Plymouth Fury approaches the Dairy Queen at a terrible speed The Prostitutes all jumping back as it fish-tails to a TIRE-SCREECHING stop right in front of them.

Father Ringo WHIRRRRS down the window and gives the women a lascivious smile. His interest quickly gravitates to SERENA, a young little devotchka with a 48 double E chest that would make even the most pious of men cry, "MAMA".

RINGO
(points to Serena)
You there, with the articulated boobies --

SERENA
What did you say, Father?

RINGO
Call me, Daddy. Whass' your name my child?

SERENA
Serena.

RINGO
S e r e n a... Luvly. Well listen here, Serena. I'll pay you two-thousand Yankee dollars if you'll let me sodomize you as I would a lamb. 'Ave we got a deal?

SERENA
(wicked smile)
Ooooo, Daddy, you're my biggest fantasy!

RINGO
(lecherous)
L u v l y --- get in.

SERENA
Sure, I'll get in, but first you need to pay him.

Serena points to her PIMP --- he's hanging back in the Dairy Queen's parking lot --- drinking a milkshake and leaning up against his muscle car: A FULLY BORED OUT, SUPERCHARGED, MUTHAFUCKIN' KING-KONGED, FLAMING ORANGE 69' ROAD RUNNER.

POV RINGO: ZOOMING CLOSE on the Road Runner --- it appears as a sacred vision --- surrounded by a burning halo of psychedelic light.

You can see that for Ringo --- the Road Runner is a divine revelation.

ANGLE CLOSE ON PIMP: He puts on a smile as the Plymouth Fury drives into the parking lot and pulls up next to him. Ringo sticks his head out the window and gets a good look at the Road Runner --- he's drooling with car-envy.

RINGO
(gesturing to the girls)
Might you be the shepherd of this wanton flock?

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: 42

PIMP
That's right ---

Ringo's eyes drift to the Road Runner and stay there as he continues talking to the pimp.

RINGO (cont'd)
And might this be your ride?

PIMP
Yeah --- what of it?

Ringo's eyes never leave the car as he fires a shotgun in a sudden, DEAFENING blaze of ballistic obliteration -- taking the pimp's head clean off.

RINGO
(evil smile)
Boss ride.

CUT TO:

43 INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 43

EXTREME HIGH ANGLE: Directly overhead a naked Frank Doyle, hunkered over a trashcan, his back to us moving in and out of the shadows. We HEAR the SPASTIC VOMITING of a man trying to fight a wave of convulsions.

A subtle, eerie sound is HEARD. A slight "EEEEEE."

DRAWING IN closer on Frank's discolored back. We begin to see the bulging, vermiculated outline of some sort of purple network beneath the surface of his skin. The purple network undulates, causing Frank's spine to contract. We HEAR him SCREAM in pain.

The "EEEEE" sound grows louder in proportion to Frank's pain.

Moving in closer on Frank's back we see THE WORM, a malignant parasite consisting of hundreds of raised vein-like lines, branching out of one artery-like mainline that is attached to the spinal column. It is feeding off of Frank's blood, branching out, growing, slowly inching its way up his spine.

Frank SCREAMS again as he has another horripilating WORM ATTACK. He holds onto the trashcan for dear life as he struggles to get hold of his VERMIFUGE, a sinister looking injection-gun filled with a blood-red liquid --- MENDRAGON.

Frank slams the Vermifuge into his back, pulls the trigger several times and injects the liquid into his spine.

Collapsing over the trashcan, his body goes limp with a Heroin-like rush of pleasure and then he begins to WEEP.

The "EEEEEE" sound fades away with Frank's pain and the Worm attack concludes.

Frank passes out, face-up to the left of the trashcan which is full of blood and other matter, moving matter... WORMS. Hundreds of blood-sucking Worms floating around like mutant tadpoles from some radioactive pond in Paraguay.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: 43

The CAMERA continues to MOVE towards the floor, centering on a blood-stained TELEGRAM that is also lying by the trashcan.

INSERT OF TELEGRAM: "Herr Doyle (stop) Forgiveness is where you buy it in this world (stop) St. Bartok's Cathedral, Mapache Plaza (stop) confessional, noon, tomorrow (stop) Langerman."

MATCH CUT TO:

44 EXT. SAINT BARTOK'S CATHEDRAL - DAY 44

Frank looks up from the telegram and is now standing before Saint Bartok's Cathedral, a deteriorating structure that is situated on the outskirts of Las Vegas.

45 INT. SAINT BARTOK'S CATHEDRAL - DAY 45

A draft of wind pours into the Gothic cathedral and WHEEZES through the organ pipes.

Frank enters, dips his hand in the holy-water basin, and crosses himself. A SWEET&TENDER PRIEST suddenly appears out of nowhere --- startling Frank.

SWEET&TENDER PRIEST
Can I help you my son?

FRANK
Aye, Father. I wonder if you might show me the way to the confessional.

The Priest directs Frank to the confessional. Frank nods "thank you" and the Priest leaves.

The confessional's door is slightly ajar and the muffled sounds of a RADIO BROADCAST, "Chandu, The Magician", are echoing from within the chamber.

The confessional's wooden separation screen flies open.

CLOSE ON FRANK as he draws back, startled. The voice emanating from the other side of the screen is clearly that of Cardinal Cartekker

CARTEKKER O.S.
(deep, strange, amplified voice)
We have been expecting you, Mister Doyle. Come in and close the door.

Frank continues to stand in the doorway and endures a few uneasy moments of silence before entering the confessional.

46 INT. CONFESSIONAL - DAY 46

Frank sits down and closes the door.

CARTEKKER O.S.
In exchange for your services, it is our understanding that you wish to be granted a Universal Indulgence ---

FRANK
Yes, Father.

(CONTINUED)

CARTEKKER O.S.
I am not a priest, Mister Doyle. I'm a cardinal and should be addressed as such.

FRANK
Yes, your eminence.

CARTEKKER O.S.
Is this your first time in a confessional?

FRANK
(after a long beat of silence)
It is your eminence.

CARTEKKER O.S.
Why?

FRANK
Up until now, I never thought absolution was possible for the man who has sinned as I have sinned

CARTEKKER O.S.
Yes, well, it is. But, before we can offer you God's forgiveness, you must offer us, your First Confession. You must tell us what grotesque tale lurks behind that impenetrable mask of yours.

Frank is at a loss for words. He looks like a man sitting on the edge of a straight razor.

CARTEKKER O.S.(cont'd)
(insistent)
Come now, my Son, we have no time to waste. Confess --- tell us what you are ---

CLOSE ON FRANK trying to fight his emotions.

FRANK
(hoarse whisper)
I'm an assassin. (long beat) I have killed fifty-nine people in my lifetime. Kings. Queens. Jacks. Spades. Good and bad alike. I've killed them all.

CARTEKKER O.S.
Did you commit these transgressions in the pursuit of wealth or power?

FRANK
No, your eminence, I did these things because -- because killing is the only thing I know how to do.

Frank chokes up with emotion.

CARTEKKER O.S.
Frank, my son, one has watched life badly, if one has not seen the hand that considerately kills. Of what consequence would God be, if He knew nothing of men such as yourself, for was it not God, Himself, who created you?

46 CONTINUED: 46

FRANK
But killing is a sin, a mortal, venal sin!

CARTEKKER O.S.
Not if you do it for us it isn't. The sword --- your sword, is your key to Heaven. One drop of blood shed in God's cause is better than a lifetime of continuous prayer or fast.
The TEMPLAR that falls in battle, his sins are forgiven and his soul moves on.

FRANK
But these two men. These are priests ---

CARTEKKER O.S.
(angrily interrupting)
They're not Priests, they are heretics, and heretics have no rights in God's eyes. If my own father were a heretic, I would personally gather the wood to burn him.
(forceful)
The heretics must die. Your Indulgence can only be guaranteed by their death. This is your penitence. You will only see your salvation through their end.

FRANK
And does it matter how I kill them? Or will you be satisfied with any method?

CARTEKKER O.S.
The method does not matter so long as it is responsible for their death. Do you understand?

FRANK
Yes.

CARTEKKER O.S.
Then according to your ability, give the Lord his due offering. And so, do good by yourself.

FRANK
That I will, you can be sure of it.

CARTEKKER O.S.
Frank Bertrand Doyle, in the name of the father, the son and the holy spirit, we absolve you. Amen.

CARTEKKER O.S.
Ego te absolvo in nomine Patris et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.

We HEAR the separation screen abruptly fall shut, SWISSSSSH.

PULLING BACK into the other side of the confessional: we see it's occupied by a mounted 1930'ish radio transmitter/receiver -- complete with a microphone and speaker from which Cartekker's voice is being transmitted.

CUT TO:

47 INT. SAINT BARTOK'S CATHEDRAL - DAY 47

HIGH ANGLE: Looking down at the confessional as Frank walks out and exits the cathedral.

PANNING UP and TRACKING IN: on the "Mantegna-esque" fresco contained within the chapel's dome. The scene depicted is that of the Heavenly Court . A myriad of angels, still motioned in festive play, form an arc in the azure sky. They are all in motion; flying, turning, dancing, descending head first from a cloud or striding forward in balance between heaven and earth.

TRACKING INTO THE FRESCO: gravitating our attention upon the azure blue sky as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

48 EXT. COBALT SKY - ALMOST TWILIGHT 48

The purling twang of a dreamy HAWAIIAN LULLABY: a traditional hula, with astral falsetto vocals and a liquid steel guitar, faintly ECHOES over a glassy, cobalt blue sky.

A shimmering white blur SWOOPS IN and OUT OF FRAME. Its presence is immediately followed by the sound of a SHOTGUN BEING FIRED. The phosphorescent buck-shot laces the air and soars into the cobalt blue sky, IMPACTING.

A terrific CRACKING noise is heard, and a crack appears in the sky. Another noise and yet another crack appears. Then another. Soon the sky is full of cracks. The SHRILL dissonance of a final CRACK sounds as a fragment of sky falls from frame, leaving behind black nothingness.

RINGO (O.S.)
Hoy! Did you get one?

FELIX (O.S.)
No. I was close though.

The Sky Is Falling. The clear, glassy shards of sky breaking away, rupturing into night. Fragments of the sky continue to SHATTER out of frame, leaving behind only darkness as the CAMERA WIDENS TO REVEAL:

49 EXT. CLIFF DWELLING - ALMOST TWILIGHT 49

The Road Runner sits on the brink of a colossal cliff. Felix and Ringo are perched atop the hood with their backs against its windshield, watching the sky fall before them. The dreamy Hawaiian Lullaby is coming from the car's radio.

FELIX
Brother, the sky is falling...

RINGO
Yes, with 'IM dead, anything's possible...

Felix ejects the recently fired cartridge from his elephant gun and reloads. The ORANGE FANNY PACK is strapped around his waist. The hood of the car is littered with booze bottles, a bong, blow torch, porno mags, all sorts of candy, and a large plastic container full of Dexedrine.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: 49

FELIX
Ringo, this isn't what I thought it was going to be like at all....

Ringo takes a few Dexe's from the container and mashes them into the bong's bowl and lights up.

RINGO
Brother, it never is. There's no initiation into such plonky mysteries. It's just in and out. The only real cure is to smush up on heinous chemicals, commit unusual crimes and drive like a reptile from Las Vegas to St. Louis in search of your long lost luv.

Felix takes out a small photograph and regards it with all the longing and desire of a man in love.

ANGLE CLOSE ON PHOTO: It's an old, faded, color snap shot of Felix as a teenager on his confirmation day --- he has one arm around a beautiful young girl and the other arm around an affable looking gentlemen in his forties --- they are all standing in front of their hometown cathedral.

FELIX
Madelyne, sweet Madelyne --- light of my life, fire of my loins ---
(turns to Ringo)
Do you think she'll be happy to see me?

RINGO
(igniting the torch)
If she isn't, then she's a fool in four letters, my Brother.

Felix's attention zooms in on something moving in the distance. Over the cracked horizon appear A GROUP OF PUERILE ANGELS. The Angels look like cheesy painted porcelain statuettes. They fly across the broken sky as if they were dangling from unseen wires Each Angel is surrounded by an orb of pearly light and carries a tiny harp. A gentle, fragile, and heavenly display of grace...

Felix immediately tosses the photo, COCKS his gun, takes aim and fires -- BOOOOM! An Angel EXPLODES into thousands of little specs of porcelain and vaporous light. Heavenly skeet shooting at its best.

Father Felix once again ejects the dead cartridge from his elephant gun and reloads.

RINGO (cont'd)
(vomiting the smoke out)
Did you get one this time?

The kill is confirmed when we HEAR the dead Angel's little harp CRASH in the valley below. Felix cracks a big smile.

FELIX
Yes.

RINGO
(big shit-eating grin)
L u v l y.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: 49

Ringo hands the bong to Felix and puts the flame to the bowl.

FELIX
I'm seeing things. I am too elevated. Aren't you the least bit paranoid about our current state of affairs?

RINGO
I most certainly am not. Do I look like a paranoid?(paranoid beat) What do you mean?

FELIX
I mean...what would Madelyne do if she saw me like this?

RINGO
I don't know. What do you care what that buggered kunt thinks anyway?

Felix whip points the barrel of the elephant gun into Ringo's face.

FELIX
How dare you! HOW DARE YOU CALL MY FUTURE WIFE A BUGGERED KUNT!

Ringo mildly acknowledges the threat of the gun by kissing the muzzle.

RINGO
Right you are. That was inconsiderate. It's just that I don't understand why, out of all the shagable creatures in the world, is she the only one?

FELIX
(very emotional)
Madelyne and I grew up together. We were best friends. But my affections for her went beyond friendship. I never dreamt she felt the same way about me. (beat) The day before I was to leave for the seminary, she came over to say goodbye wearing nothing but a white sundress. I was packing. She came in, closed the door, took off her dress and, with tears in her eyes, revealed her love for me.

RINGO
What did you do?

Ringo takes another bong hit of speed.

FELIX
Nothing. (beat) I chose to go with God. His love was supposed to be eternal, or so I thought at the time. (beat) Now? I want what I should have had then.

RINGO
(moved to tears)
Worry not, Brother. We'll get her back. We'll get her back if it's the last bloody thing we do.

(CONTINUED)

Felix suddenly catches sight of another school of Puerile Angels sailing through the broken sky. In a quick burst of action, Felix takes aim and BOOOOOM! Cuts down a cluster of about six Angels. The afterglow is spectacular, liquefied fireworks. Hangfire from the buck shot obliterates the last few scraps of sky and now there's only the blackness of night.

RINGO O.S.
(taking notice)
Pitchy.

FELIX
Yes, very. Brother, I'm scared...

RINGO
(flash of paranoia)
Quit your grousing and get the guns. All of them.

FELIX
Right.

Felix slides off the hood, gets into the car and returns to his spot having retrieved the proper weaponry: a machine gun, a sub-machine gun, and a flare gun. Ringo grabs the machine gun and locks and loads. He scans the murky territory looking for something to shoot with the giddy, screw-headed smirk of a dope fiend ready to pounce.

FELIX (cont'd)
Can you see anything?

RINGO
No, it's too dark. Send up a flare.

Felix fires the flare gun into the darkness and the night is momentarily illuminated by the flare's orange scintillation. Within the shimmering light appear ANGELS, hundreds of them. All different types of regalia, color, sizes --- all bearing the same cheesy porcelain statuette quality and all flying about as if they were suspended from wires.

RINGO (cont'd)
(disgusted)
Would you just look at them! Just look at them tossing their orbs about! Prancing about like tits!
(he turns to Felix, vibrating)
There's no turning back now, Brother. We'd be fools not to ride this strange attraction out to the end...

Fathers Ringo and Felix are peaking out on this colossal hallucination, both have lost their grip to the psychedelics. They open up and lay down a horrendous field of fire, mowing down everything their imaginations can conjure up. Falling Angels everywhere, sagging visibly, like animals taking a bullet. Strobe-bright muzzle flashes sear the darkness as we:

FLASH CUT TO:

50 EXT. NORTH VEGAS BAZAAR - NIGHT 50

The ghostly wails of Moorish music can be HEARD as we MOVE out of the darkness and into the murky Arabian bazaar of North Vegas. The exotic narrow streets are teeming with an odd variety of life. Strange sex shows, ruinous casinos Soaring minarets. Angry looking men in tattered galabiyas. Black gowned women with mysterious veiled faces. Pointy-shoe types in white suits HISSSSING "Psssst" from dimly-lit doorways.

THREE POLICE CARS slowly roll past us with their lights off. The Police Cars position themselves in front of a small basement herb shop and then kill their engines. A paddy-wagon and tactical vehicle bring up the rear. The back-doors of the tactical vehicle swing open and TEN ARMED MEDICS, clad in chemical warfare suits, quietly climb out and approach the herb shop with their guns drawn. The Police simultaneously hit their SIRENS and STROBES as the Ten Armed Medics raid the basement and emerge a few seconds later --- with a group of TEN NAKED MEN AND WOMEN, all of whom have a big terminal Worm on their spine. The Medics usher the WORMBACKS into the paddy-wagon.

As the motorcade of law enforcement vehicles leave, our attention drifts to a black Mercedes limo that follows in their wake. MOVING with the limo as it drives up to the entrance of a faded three-story HOTEL, the type one might encounter in the Casbah. Angelica emerges from the car, signals the BELLBOY to help with a large bag and the two enter the hotel

We CRANE-UP to a third story french terrace/window of one of the hotel rooms and MOVE into:

51 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 51

We HEAR the SHOWER RUNNING in the bathroom --- it's mirrored door has been left slightly ajar. Frank's clothes are folded on the bed.

There is a soft KNOCK at the door. Angelica enters the room. The Bellboy follows, carrying a large, black, "commando-type", duffle pack. Hearing the shower, Angelica directs the boy to put the bag on the bed and tips him before he leaves.

She takes out a cigarette but has no matches to light it with. We HEAR the SHOWER turn off. Looking around, Angelica catches sight of an ashtray and matches situated on the desk. Next to the ashtray are Frank's Bible, crucifix and strand of rosary beads --- Angelica regards them with a definite disdain before lighting up.

Angelica looks over at the bathroom door and in a play of reflections can see the severed image of Frank standing naked in front of the sink. **Frank turns to take something out of his shaving kit and unknowingly reveals the Worm to Angelica.**

She approaches the bathroom and pushes the door open. Frank turns his head around and they lock eyes and contemplate each other for a few uncanny moments. Frank coolly turns back around and continues what he was doing.

Angelica sees the worm undulate under Frank's skin, her expression is that of utter horror She staggers backward out of the bathroom reeling from nausea and fear. Making her way to the opened french window, Angel takes a few deep breaths.

(CONTINUED)

Frank comes out of the bathroom and puts on his boxers and shirt. Angelica won't look at him.

Frank gestures to the duffle on the bed.

FRANK
Everything I asked for --- it's in the pack?

Angelica nods "yes". Frank opens the pack. The inside is separated into about one hundred custom made sections. He reaches into a compartment, takes out a dark pair of pants with a small of the back "IN PANT" gun-holster and a SIG P-228.

ANGELICA
You should've told me Frank.

FRANK
Well, now you know.

ANGELICA
You could've trusted me. I could've helped.

FRANK
Helped me do what Angel?

Frank jams a 9mm clip into the gun, the gun into the holster and puts the pants on.

FRANK (cont'd)
I don't need to be helped, I need to be saved.

Frank pulls out a very unique looking shoulder holster, custom made for something much larger than a hand-gun. He straps it on.

ANGELICA
Judging from the size of that worm on your back, it'll be into your brain in, what, a few days -- maybe less? You know there's nothing that can save your life ---

FRANK
But you see it's not my life that I'm worried about Angel, it's my soul. This is why I left, this is why I put my faith in the Lord, my trust in the church --- and this is why I've come back ---

ANGELICA
To save your soul---?!

FRANK
Aye.

Frank reaches into his bag and pulls out a sawed off shotgun, loads it with some 00 buck and then clips the beast into the shoulder holster.

ANGELICA
And how is wasting two priests going to do that? What could they possibly be offering you?

FRANK
My salvation. Guaranteed.

Angelica is visibly stunned by this revelation.

ANGELICA
You have got to be fucking kidding me.

FRANK
Death inspires us all, Angel -- especially the worst of us.

ANGELICA
This isn't faith, this is desperation. This is madness ---

FRANK
Perhaps, but what man's strong enough to reject the possibility of hope?

ANGELICA
You're that scared of your afterlife?

FRANK
I've killed too many people not to be.

THE PHONE STARTS TO RING. Frank unzips another compartment and extracts a waist long black leather coat --- the inside liner of the coat is separated into several tactical compartments.

ANGELICA
And what do you think Langerman or your church would do if they knew you were a fucking wormback? They'd have you wasted same as these priests --- or even worse, they'd have you sent up river to a colony.

FRANK
I suppose they'd try. But they don't know and they're not going to find out -- are they, Angel?

ANGELICA
You know I won't say anything.

He pulls out a PREMIERE GRADE CASULL .454 REVOLVER with one hand and a JET LOADER with the other.

FRANK
If I were half the man I used to be, I wouldn't leave that to chance --- but the grim fucking reaper has a way of making even the hardest of us soft to the very things we spent a lifetime avoiding... Things like trust. (beat) Things like needing other people...

51 CONTINUED: 51

ANGELICA
Needing other people to do what Frank?

Using the loader, Frank power crams the cartridges into the revolver with lighting speed, snaps the cylinder shut and holsters the gun.

FRANK
I haven't much time left (beat) and if this bloodsucker on my back kills me before I finish the job, you can still save my soul -- by finishing it for me.

Angelica is too incensed to speak --- digging her eyes into him like nails.

FRANK (cont'd)
You owe me Angel --- when your fate was in my hands, I looked after it. Well, now that mine is in yours, you're going to do the same for me.

Angelica punches Frank in the face and drops him to his knees.

ANGELICA
Listen to me, Frank, no matter what they've said, no matter what they've promised --- you can't escape the consequences of the life you've led.

FRANK
(wheezes)
But what if you can?

ANGELICA
Then I'm not going to be the one that helps you do it.

Angelica finally goes over and answers the phone.

ANGELICA (cont'd)
Yeah?

She drops the phone on the floor by Frank and exits the room.

ANGELICA (cont'd)
It's for you.

A DREAD RATTLING THUNDER is HEARD as we:

CUT TO:

52 EXT. LAS VEGAS, NEW MEXICO - AERIAL - NIGHT 52

A BLACK HUEY flying over the soot-filled skyline of downtown Las Vegas, New Mexico.

53 EXT. TRIPLEX NURSING HOME, NEW MEXICO - NIGHT 53

This Triplex Nursing Home looks identical to the one in Nevada The only variation is that it's surrounded by towering skyscrapers and busy streets. Above the building's entrance there is a small,

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: 53

illuminated sign which reads: "Triplex Nursing Home - Las Vegas, New Mexico.".

The Black Huey approaches, hovers over the building, and then slides over the helicopter pad. It cuts speed and gently touches down as another Black Huey lifts off. We see Frank jump out.

CUT TO:

54 INT. TRIPLEX NURSING HOME - ELEVATOR - NIGHT 54

Sub-Director Quimby and Frank standing side by side in a descending elevator. Sub-Director Quimby has a black patch over his left eye and Frank is carrying his black tactical bag.

SUB-DIRECTOR QUIMBY
(handing Frank a file)
Her name is Serena. We picked her up in Gallup. She was trying to buy a vaulting horse and springboard with bills stolen by the priests from The Fata Morgana Casino.

FRANK
So she's been with them?

SUB-DIRECTOR QUIMBY
We don't know. She won't talk.

FRANK
Couldn't you get anything out of her?

SUB-DIRECTOR QUIMBY
If we had, you wouldn't be here right now and I'd still have my left eye.

Sub-Director Quimby lifts up the eye patch and shows Frank his gaping eye socket.

SUB-DIRECTOR QUIMBY (cont'd)
(giggling)
You see what I mean?

FRANK
What's the problem?

SUB-DIRECTOR QUIMBY
She seems to think that once she tells us what we want to know that we will kill her.

FRANK
Smart girl.

SUB-DIRECTOR QUIMBY
Yes. But I feel warm, greasy, and almost confident in your ability to illicit the appropriate information.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 55

Frank steps through the door and steps into a very stark surgery room. Serena has been strapped down to a metal examination table.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: 55

She is completely naked and her eyes and mouth have been taped shut. The room's only source of illumination is a surgical spotlight positioned above her body. Next to the table, a tray-cart of surgical instruments. A large microphone hangs on a cord from the ceiling.

Frank is in a cold sweat. Clearly he wasn't prepared to deal with this situation and he's struggling to keep it together. He drops his bag, takes a deep breath, exhales and approaches Serena.

Serena's body is covered with all kinds of horrible little flesh wounds, all freshly stitched up. Frank shakes his head in dismay at what she's already gone through.

FRANK
Serena, Serena, Serena --- what's to be done with you?

Frank looks around the room and grabs a white doctor's gown hanging in the corner and then goes to the sink and fills a paper cup with water before returning to Serena's side.

FRANK (cont'd)
Listen to me very carefully. I'm going to undo these straps --- but I need you to stay calm.

Frank undoes her straps, has her sit up, and then helps her put the gown on. Frank then takes the tape off Serena's eyes and mouth and hands her the cup of water. Serena looks down at the cup suspiciously. Frank sees her fears and takes a sip from the cup himself.

Serena reaches out a trembling hand towards the cup and looks down in horror at the sutured wounds covering her arm. She recoils and begins to examine her arms, legs, under the gown -- she starts crying and it builds into a panicked, broken hysteria.

Frank cracks her across the face -- cold and hard.

FRANK (cont'd)
(firmly)
Calm.

With great effort, Serena collects herself, hopelessly weeping.

FRANK (CONT'D)
You've been a smart girl. Not talking has saved your life up to this point -- but now I need to know where you got that money.

Frank reaches behind his back and pulls out his Sig P-228 handgun and primes the gun, CLACKING back the breach.

FRANK (cont'd)
This is a Sig P-228 handgun. It carries twelve nine millimeter armor piercing bullets in the mag, plus one in the chamber. It has a specially modified hair-stroke trigger --ultra-sensitive-- it responds to even the slightest touch.

55 CONTINUED: 55

To illustrate, Frank gently taps the trigger and BOOM sends a round into the skull of a hanging med school-type skeleton situated at the far end of the room --- the skull explodes.

Serena looks petrified. Frank flips the gun around in his hand and offers it to her.

FRANK (cont'd)
Take it.

Serena looks at him like he's crazy. Frank takes her hand and places the gun in it. Serena stares at it, dumbfounded, suspicious.

FRANK (cont'd)
Go ahead. Point it at me.

Serena doesn't move, still unsure.

FRANK (cont'd)
(forceful)
Point the fucking gun at me.

Serena slowly raises the gun and points it at Frank, she's shaking.

FRANK (cont'd)
That's right --- just watch the trigger --- I don't want to die here anymore than you do.

Serena relaxes up on the gun a little.

FRANK (cont'd)
Good. Good. Now as long as you have that gun pointed at me -- you're safe --

CUT TO:

56 INT. INTERFAITH SECURITY COUNCIL HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT 56

Ministers Ick, Sick, and Dick are huddled around a radio transmitter/receiver. They listen intently to a live simulcast from the interrogation room. They glance at each other in alarm.

FRANK VIA RADIO
Now tell me what I want to know and I'll get you out of here alive.

CUT TO:

57 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 57

SERENA
Bullshit ---

FRANK
Look, if I'm lying you're going to kill me --- right?

SERENA
(hesitant)
Right.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: 57

FRANK
Well then why the fuck would I be lying?

Serena is confused and disoriented by Frank's tactics.

FRANK (cont'd)
Tell me what I want to know. Tell me where you got the money.

Frank raises his hands in non-threatening "it's cool" gesture and reaches into his coat, producing a small notebook and pen. Serena watches him carefully, training the gun on him all the while.

SERENA
I got the money from the two priests.

Frank produces photographs of both Ringo and Felix,

FRANK
These men?

SERENA
Yes. They picked me up in front of a Dairy Queen just outside of Flagstaff, Arizona.

Frank begins taking notes as they talk.

FRANK
When was this?

SERENA
Night before last.They offered me two grand. They were priests but, you know, for two grand you don't ask questions.

FRANK
What kind of vehicle were they in?

SERENA
Some brown piece of shit -- but they killed my pimp and took his car -- a flaming orange '69 Roadrunner.

FRANK
What happened while you were with them?

SERENA
(shrugs)
He --(pointing to the photo of Felix) didn't say much. The other one was doing most of the talking.

FRANK
What about?

SERENA
Speed.

FRANK
Speed as in drugs, or speed as in speed?

SERENA
Speed, period. It didn't matter what kind
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: 57

SERENA (cont'd)
it was. He kept on telling me that God was dead and speed was their new creed.

CUT TO:

58 INT. INTERFAITH SECURITY COUNCIL HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT 58

Minister Sick lets out a whimper. Ministers Ick and Dick give him a sharp look that says, "Let's not jump to conclusions just yet."

SERENA VIA RADIO
He said that with God dead anything was possible.

FRANK VIA RADIO
Did they say anything about their plans? What they were doing? Where they were going?

SERENA VIA RADIO
The tall one (Felix) said he was on his way to getting married to someone named Madelyne.

FRANK VIA RADIO
Married!??? Are you sure?

The Ministers look confused as we:

CUT TO:

59 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 59

SERENA
Yeah, he wouldn't touch me. (Felix) didn't touch me. He said he was saving himself.

FRANK
But you had sex with the other one?

SERENA
Yeah, we did it in the back seat while the other one drove. He was completely naked except for this orange fanny pack. They were both very concerned about that fanny pack. It got to the point where they started to fight over who got to wear it...

FRANK
Why? What was in it?

SERENA
Look, I don't know. It all happened so fast, I was only with them for twenty minutes before they threw me out of the fucking car ---

FRANK
And then what, they just gave you the money and left?

SERENA
They took me out of the car, made me kneel, put a gun to my head and asked if I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: 59

SERENA (cont'd)
believed in God -- I said: "No." And that was it -- they gave me my money, a kiss goodbye, got in their car and took off going East on the 44.

Frank contemplates what he's just heard for a few moments. He gives Serena an unsatisfied look.

FRANK
I need more to go on.---

SERENA
(snaps)
Well that's just too fucking bad cause I told you everything I know -- and I want out.
(points gun at Frank)
And I mean right now fucker!

Frank can see that Serena's on the edge of having a complete meltdown --- no way is he going to get anymore info out of her.

FRANK
(picking up his bag)
All right Serena --- put the gun to my head, stay close to me and no matter what happens, no matter what you see -- keep it easy on the trigger. Got it?

SERENA
(deep breath)
Got it.

CUT TO:

60 INT. TRIPLEX NURSING HOME - ELEVATOR - NIGHT 60

Frank and Serena stand alone in the elevator. Serena looks nervous, coiled -- waiting for the unexpected -- with the gun pressed against Frank's head. Frank looks steady -- almost bored -- as he watches the floor numbers above the elevator door. The only sound we hear is the creepy, German ELEVATOR MUSIC as we:

CUT TO:

61 INT. TRIPLEX NURSING HOME LOBBY- NIGHT 61

The elevator doors open --- Frank and Serena emerge into the understated and unassuming lobby of an old age home. ELDERLY PEOPLE shuffling from the TV room to the bingo parlor. None of them seem to notice or care about the fact that Serena has a gun to Frank's head.

Serena sees the exit in sight and she becomes increasingly nervous as they approach it. Sweat drips down her face and she tightens her grip on the gun. Frank winces slightly. The noise from the lobby intensifies -- the tension becomes dizzying as we:

CUT TO:

2 EXT. TRIPLEX NURSING HOME - NIGHT 62

It's PISSING RAIN --- the street in front of the Home is dense with the heavy downtown traffic of a large metropolis ---

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: 62

PEDESTRIANS and cars everywhere. Frank and Serena exit through the Home's front door without incident. Serena lowers the gun to Frank's back and gestures Frank to head for the curb.

SERENA
Get me a cab ---

Frank hails down an approaching taxicab. The cab pulls up at the curb in front of them.

Serena still doesn't trust Frank, her eyes dart all around. Frank slowly leans down and opens the taxi door.

Serena slowly seats herself in the taxi, still pointing the gun at Frank. They lock eyes -- tense beat.

FRANK
Just one last question --- when you told them that you didn't believe in God --- was that a lie?

SERENA
I don't know, but I hope so.

Frank slowly reaches down and gently removes the gun from Serena's hand. Serena's body finally breaks down from relief. She begins to quietly WEEP.

Frank reaches into his pocket, pulls out a hefty billfold, peels off a few thousand dollars and hands it to her.

FRANK (cont'd)
Go.

Frank pushes the cab door shut and waves it away. The cab pulls out and heads down the street. Frank stands there for a beat and watches it drive off before crossing the street and hailing down a cab going in the opposite direction.

The YELLOW CAB pulls up, Frank throws his bag into the car and then gets in.

63 INT. YELLOW CAB - NIGHT 63

The cab driver, a nineteen year old greaser named SKIPPY, clacks the meter on and waits for Frank to give him a destination.

FRANK
How'd you like to make yourself a five hundred dollar fare tonight laddie?

SKIPPY
Shit yes --- what's the catch?

Frank leans forward and shows Skippy a half empty vile of mendragon.

FRANK
I need you to show me where I can get some more of this.

Skippy eyes the vile and then Frank. He can see that Frank's in serious pain. He can also see the SIG-P228 in Frank's hand.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: 63

SKIPPY
No problem.

CUT TO:

64 INT. LANGERMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT 64

Langerman sits behind his desk, hands folded. A small speaker phone receiver rests on the desk in front of him.

LANGERMAN
(into the speaker phone)
What does the Council wish us to do with the girl?

We hear a DISTORTED VOICE being transmitted as the machine types out the transcription which Langerman retrieves.

LANGERMAN
(reading)
Kill her.

Langerman turns to his left where we see Angelica.

LANGERMAN (cont'd)
Follow Doyle.

As Angelica leaves, Langerman turns to his right and nods as we PAN OVER to the window where Quimby sits on the ledge holding a large SNIPER RIFLE with an impressive TELESCOPIC SIGHT. He CLACKS a bullet into the chamber, leans out the window a bit and trains his sights.

POV TELESCOPIC SIGHT: We see Serena's taxi now three blocks away and the cross-sights snap-focus on the back of Serena's head.

CLOSE ON TRIGGER:Quimby's finger squeezing as we:

CUT TO:

65 INT. INTERFAITH SECURITY COUNCIL HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT 65

BOOM -- we hear the report of Quimby's shot ringing out over the Council's intercom system. Ministers Ick and Dick sit passively, listening to the events unfold. Minister Sick shudders at the gunshot.

MINISTER SICK
(overwhelmed with grief)
What have we done? This was an innocent girl! Her blood is upon our hands!

From within the darkness at the end of the table, we HEAR a LIGHTER spark to life as Cartekker wheels forward.

CARTEKKER
We are in the forefront of the hottest battle. Better for a hundred innocent people to die than for one heretic to go free.
(toke, toke)
You must not allow guilt to corrupt your resolve. The Heretics must die no matter
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: 65

CARTEKKER (cont'd)
what the cost, or nowhere will faith be secure.

MINISTER DICK
Fucking ay!

Sick nods his head in obedience.

CARTEKKER
Come now, gentlemen, let us reason together. What can be deduced from the information we've gathered thus far?

Ick leans in -- all business.

MINISTER ICK
(Matter of fact)
One: Father Ringo and Father Felix massacred everyone at the archeological site and left that site obviously changed men.

Dick raises one finger to signify the first point.

MINISTER DICK
Check!

MINISTER ICK
Two: Our current fears about the site have now been supported by the girl -- who was rigid in her claims that they told her "God was dead".

MINISTER DICK
(puts up second finger)
Check!

MINISTER ICK
(building in intensity)
Three!: They have continued on their murderous rampage, demonstrating --- their lack of concern for everything but heinous and exhaustive sin.

MINISTER DICK
(third finger)
Check!!

MINISTER ICK
Four!: The girl tells us something which seemingly contradicts this: that they showed MORE concern for this little bag, this fanny pack.

MINISTER DICK
(fourth finger)
Check!!!!

MINISTER ICK
(rapid fire)
Two priests, an archeological dig, "God is dead", and now an unnatural concern for a small bag -- or perhaps its contents. What does this tell us?

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: 65

MINISTER DICK
(in a fever, puts up his fifth finger)
The heretics must die!!!!!

MINISTER SICK
(hesitantly)
That they have taken some artifact from the site?

The Ministers look at each other in stunned silence as the weight of this concept washes over them.

CARTEKKER
(carefully)
Minister Ick, are you suggesting that Father Felix Crowley and Father Ringo Michaels have proof that God is dead which they carry in an orange fanny pack?

MINISTER ICK
Yes. Yes, I am suggesting -- precisely that.

CARTEKKER
If this is true then it is imperative that we gain possession of the fanny pack.

MINISTER ICK
We shall alert Langerman and have this Doyle fellow retrieve it.

CARTEKKER
We shall do nothing of the sort. For if this artifact had the power to inspire such madness in two God-fearing clerics, I shudder to think what a man like Langerman might do if tempted to use its power to aid his own ruthless ambition.
(tokes on his pipe)
No, I believe it is time we made direct contact with our assassin -- and remove Herr Langerman from the equation all together.

Cartekker takes one more toke off his pipe, he seems troubled. He slowly seeps back into the darkness.

CARTEKKER (cont'd)
I have spoken.

CUT TO:

66 EXT. MOTEL 8 - NIGHT 66

A single-level roadside motel. MOVING in on the window of room #439.

67 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 67

The Road Runner is parked in the middle of the room and although geometry and physics dictate that this is an impossibility, it is here nonetheless. None of the walls have been damaged. The ceiling is in tact. The room's infrastructure hasn't been tampered

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: 67

with, except for the beds, which have been piled up against the far wall. Automotive tools and empty Beneficial drug bottles litter the floor.

Situated next to the car, a large empty box of the "Cyclone Nitrous Oxide System" which Ringo has just installed.

The Cramps' "I Can't Hardly Stand It" churning on the car's radio. Father Ringo is killing time inside the Road Runner --- lost in a drug-induced, sub-human funk --- slowly rubbing Valvoline motor oil into his chest while reading the latest issue of "HOT RODDER" magazine. Felix is fast asleep in the shotgun seat. The song comes to an end.

RADIO/ANNOUNCER
Stay tuned for KILL OR BE KILLED ---

We HEAR the over-dramatic musical overture of an old-time radio show.

RADIO/ANNOUNCER
The makers of Nolan slip friction clutches present for your enjoyment, every week at this hour ---
(music and voice swell)
KILL, OR BE KILLED ---

RADIO SHOW SOUND EFFECT: after the Radio/Announcer says "Kill or be killed" --- we HEAR two successive GUNSHOTS immediately followed by the bellowing wail of a large animal being killed by them.

RADIO/ANNOUNCER (cont'd)
Starring, Benito Juarez Jr., as the bold and beautiful big game hunter, Gene Savage. Also Starring Edwin Meeep as Kimba, the native taxidermist.
(music and voice swell)
---All the mystery, romance and intrigue of Central Africa.
(music and voice swell)
---All the high adventure and good times of big game hunting. It's---
(music and voice swell)
KILL OR BE KILLED!

We HEAR the two successive GUNSHOTS immediately followed by the bellowing wail of a large animal being killed by them.

RINGO
(slow and thoughtful)
The high adventure and good times of big game hunting ---

Ringo is electrified with a sudden burst of inspiration --- "eureka"!

RINGO
(mumbling to himself)
big game hunting --- That's it!
(malevolent grin)
That's the life for me.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: 67

Ringo hits the ignition. We HEAR the monstrous BELLOW of a grubby supercharged engine coming to life.

RINGO (cont'd)
Hoy, Brother --- get up.

Ringo working the gas pedal, REV REV REVVING the engine up to a terrible high pitched chattering whine. Waiting to pop the clutch.

FELIX
(groggy)
What is it?

RINGO
I feel like doing something unusual tonight.

Ringo lets loose a maniacal laugh as he drops the clutch --- the tires SCREEEEECH into motion and --- POOOOF --- the Road Runner suddenly disappears from the room in an iridescent cloud of orange smoke.

CUT TO:

68 INT. MEMPHIS ZOO - THE KOALA KINGDOM - NIGHT 68

CLOSE ON an illuminated sign which reads: "Memphis Zoo's Koala Kingdom". The inharmonious clamor of the ANIMAL KINGDOM.

THE CAMERA CRANES DOWN from the sign and into a cheesy animal habitat/cage designed to resemble a castle. ORSON, gentle zookeeper, lovingly feeds a cute little Koala Bear his dinner.

A portable record player sits on the back of the zoo-keeper's cart.It is spinning an "Italian For Beginners" record.

In the distance, a frightening progression of sounds are suddenly heard: SCREECHING TIRES, THE REVVVING ENGINE OF AN APPROACHING MUSCLE CAR, A BURST OF MACHINE GUN FIRE. Both Orson and the Koala Bear simultaneously look up in concern.

ORSON
Jeepers! What do you think that could be little fella?

CUT TO:

EXT. MEMPHIS ZOO - NIGHT

The Road Runner EXPLODING through the front gates of the Memphis Zoo and then coming to a tire SCREECHING stop.

69 INT. ROAD RUNNER - NIGHT 69

Ringo's behind the wheel. Felix is riding shotgun, he's got a smoking M-60 machine gun in his hands and a belt of ammo slung around his neck.

FELIX
Big game hunting at a zoo! What a fanciful idea! Hunting caged animals should make for good fun.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: 69

RINGO
No, no, brother, you've got it all wrong. First we're going to turn the fuckers loose, and then we're going to hunt them down.

FELIX
Oh, well then that makes perfect sense.

RINGO
(evil grin as he loads his grenade launcher)
It's gotta be kill or be killed if you really want to have fun.

FELIX
Indubitably!

CUT TO:

70 EXT./INT. BLACK SEDAN - NIGHT 70

The rain has stopped and the city's now covered in a dense layer of mist. Steam rising from the hood MINGLES with the mist as we see Angelica, seated, taking vampiric drags from her cigarette. She does not blink in her cover of darkness, staring at a cab deep in an alley.

71 INT. SKIPPY'S TAXI CAB - NIGHT 71

Skippy is no where to be seen. Frank is situated in the back of the taxi and he doesn't look good. His aspect appears feverish and weak. He's turned the taxi's backseat into an office. To his right are both Ringo and Felix's opened dossiers. On the floor there are the photographs of their various crimes.

Using a little flashlight, Frank reviews the evidence and makes notes in a black notebook. He has turned the page into a chart which breaks down the facts of each incident Ringo and Felix were involved in --- everything has been ordered chronologically starting with the their disappearance from Death Valley.

POV FRANK: Frank's attention ZOOMS in on the location of each incident. He takes out a pen and circles the address of each incident --- all of which have one thing in common. They all are situated along Route#44.

Frank takes out a road-map of the United States and using his pen, plots Ringo and Felix's trail of mayhem along Route#44.

We suddenly HEAR the sound of APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS. Frank looks up and sees Skippy walking towards the car with a brown bag in his hand. Skippy opens the door and gets in.

FRANK
Did you get it?

SKIPPY
The money first.

Frank reaches in to his pocket, pulls out his wad of cash, peels off a grand and hands it over. Skippy pockets the bills, dumps

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: 71

twenty ampules filled mendragon out of the bag --- he gives Frank ten of them.

FRANK
(hard glare)
Who are the rest for?

SKIPPY
My brother.

FRANK
I'm sorry to hear that.

SKIPPY
Yeah, well (long beat) I figure its just a matter of time before we all end up with a worm on our back.
(starts the car)
Where to now, Mister?

Frank leans back in his seat, clearly moved by Skippy's comment.

FRANK
Listen, I could use a driver for the next few days. I'll give you a thousand dollars a day. Interested?

SKIPPY
Shit yes.

FRANK
Good, then get us on Route #44 --- heading East.

Skippy puts the car in gear, hits the gas --- drives out of the alley and onto a street. Looking up in the rear-view mirror, he watches Frank take off his jacket and shoulder-holstered guns.

Frank opens up his tactical bag, pulls out the Vermifuge, snaps one of the ampules into place and packs the rest of the ampules away. Using his right hand, Frank maneuvers the Vermifuge into position, injects himself with the mendragon and then booooom!

Frank's eyes roll back into their sockets as he succumbs to the walloping heroin-like rush of relief. He rides out this initial wave of mind-numbing euphoria, settles back into his seat, picks up the map and studies it.

Skippy turns on the radio: the Ink Spots haunting classic "My Prayer" softly drones out over the airwaves --- and the world around us suddenly slows down just enough to make things feel nice and dreamy as we:

DISSOLVE INTO:

72 <u>FRANK'S PSYCHOTRONIC SLOW-MOTION TRAVEL MONTAGE:</u> 72

(The Music continues throughout the montage)

1.) POV FRANK: TRACKING IN CLOSE on the New Mexico region of the road map --- our attention centering on the thin red line that represents the Route#44, about one hundred miles East of Las Vegas, New Mexico. CONTINUING OUR TRACK INTO THE MAP --- we suddenly catch a glimpse of A TINY YELLOW SPECK that seems to be

72 CONTINUED: 72

traveling East along this red line. MOVING IN CLOSER --- the tiny yellow speck gradually reveals itself to actually be SKIPPY'S TAXI CAB. We can see the cab's headlight beams illuminate the mapscape below. THREE OR FOUR TINY LITTLE MOONLIT CLOUDS suddenly appear drifting above the mapscape.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

73 2.) EXT. ROUTE#44 - NIGHT 73

The mapscape dissolves into landscape but our overhead perspective of Skippy's cab moving along the highway remains unchanged. CONTINUING TO DRAW IN CLOSER ON THE TAXICAB as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

3.) CLOSE ON AN ILLUMINATED SIGN that is being consumed by flames. The sign reads: "Beneficial Pharmaceutical Corporation --- We make good drugs for good people."

WIDEN TO REVEAL

74 4.) EXT. BENEFICIAL PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY - NIGHT 74

A massive refinery-type complex being consumed by flames. FIREMEN, PARAMEDICS and POLICEMEN everywhere --- all of them working fervently to try and deal with the disaster.

ANGLE ON FRANK: leaning out the back-seat window of Skippy's Taxi as it rolls past the whole surreal scene and continues down Route #44.

DISSOLVE TO:

75 5.) EXT./INT. SKIPPY'S TAXI CAB - DAY 75

Skippy is asleep in the back. Frank is now driving. He follows the highway up to the top of a hill that rises above the surrounding landscape and sees something strange in the distance --- a giant, jagged edged, black hole in the blue sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

76 6.) EXT. CLIFF DWELLING - DAY 76

This is the place where Ringo and Felix attacked the heavens. Above us, there is only the blackness of the void. The ground is littered with shell casings, used porno mags and a few large plastic containers.

Frank walks into frame, crouches down, inspects a few of the shell casings and then picks up one of the plastic containers --- the word "Benzedrine" is stamped on a Beneficial Pharmaceutical label. Tossing the bottle, Frank catches sight of something a few feet away. He scoots over and picks up the old photograph of Felix and Madelyne as teenagers on their confirmation day. Looking at the backside of the photo, he can see the scribbled words: "Madelyne, me and dad--- confirmation day --- St. Louis".

Frank rises to his feet and is about to resume his stride when he suddenly sees something strange lying on the ground: the porcelain harp of a little Cherub --- the harp is painted in gold and

76 CONTINUED: 76

stained with blood. Frank picks it up, considers it for a moment and then looks up into the blackness of the void above as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

77 7.) EXT. ROADSIDE ATTRACTION - NIGHT 77

A dead, heavy-set INDIAN sprawled out in a pool of drying blood. The Indian's head has been smashed in by a sledgehammer. Under the music we can HEAR camera flash POPPING and a crowd MURMURING in horror.On the ground next to the Indian are several other murdered tourists -- all with their heads pulverized. The dead bodies litter the dying grass around the base of a colossal HUNDRED FOOT CROSS.

There is a small assemblage of SPECTATORS standing around snapping pictures and gawking at the dead bodies while a couple of POLICEMEN hold them back. A GIANT SIGN reads: "SEE THE STATE'S LARGEST WEEPING JESUS ON THE CROSS!"

Frank slowly walks up behind the crowd and surveys the macabre scene. He sees the skull-crushed corpses and then glances up at the cross -- it is unoccupied. On the ground, right near the base of the cross, Frank sees SHREDDED ROPE, a GIANT THORNY CROWN and THREE HUGE BLOODIED NAILS scattered about.

ANGLE CLOSE ON CROSS as it suddenly starts to slowly rotate. WE HEAR THE MECHANICAL CLATTERINGS OF AN OLD CONTRAPTION as the large cross begins to reshape itself --- like a low-tech transformer. First, an automated extension WHIRRS out of the top of the cross and fans out into an unlit NEON "NO VACANCY" SIGN. The word "VACANCY" lights up in BLINKING, BUZZING BLUE NEON. Next, the horizontal beam of the cross expands into a much larger sign with the "MOTEL 8" logo painted on both sides. The vertical part of the cross below the "motel" sign literally FOLDS ITSELF OVER into a ROUND METALLIC POLE. At the instant the ends of the pole meet, the entire "Motel 8" sign lights up --- and the transformation is complete. The cross is now a Motel 8 sign as we PULL BACK to reveal the sign situated in front of the motel where Ringo and Felix had been as we:

END FRANK'S TRAVEL MONTAGE:

78 EXT. MOTEL 8 - MORNING 78

Skippy's cab slowly pulls up past the motel. Frank and Skippy look out the window at an ENORMOUS CAR-SIZED HOLE in the wall of one of the rooms. Frank and Skippy turn and look at each other and Skippy hits the brakes.

CUT TO:

79 INT. SKIPPY'S TAXI CAB - MORNING 79

Frank frowns and pulls out his notebook and removes the photograph of Felix and Madelyne. He then takes out his map and follows Route #44 with his finger to Memphis where it crosses the 55. He traces the 55 North and lands at St. Louis. Frank puts the map down on the seat and tosses the photograph on it -- the image of Madelyne falls right next to St. Louis on the map -- he leans in over the back seats.

FRANK
Do you know any cabbies in the area?

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: 79

SKIPPY
One or two -- but a cabbie is a cabbie, you know? We have an understanding. Especially around here -- along the Mississippi River, so close to the worm colonies -- there's a lot of mutual back scratching, if you know what I mean. Why?

FRANK
I want you to get on the radio and tell all the cabbies in and around the Memphis area that I've got five thousand dollars for the one who sights a flaming orange 69' Road Runner --- and doesn't lose it.

SKIPPY
Sure thing.

Skippy picks up his radio transmitter and fiddles with the controls as Frank pulls out his Sig and CLACKS it. Skippy is about to talk into the radio when he hears Frank cock his weapon. The two men lock eyes in the rear view mirror.

FRANK
And laddie, tell them to be...careful.

CUT TO:

80 EXT. MOTEL 8 - MORNING 80

Frank gets out of the cab and moves slowly towards the hole in the wall. There is debris scattered all over the ground and leading out to the road -- this damage had been done from the inside-out. As he gets closer to the wall, Frank inspects the debris -- empty Benzedrine bottles, porn and hotrod magazines, greasy rags, wrenches. Frank climbs through hole and into:

CUT TO:

81 INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING 81

The room itself is in shambles, the same sort of debris clutters the floor and furniture. Frank can see that there are tire skid marks in the carpet leading to the wall. In the corner are two empty canisters of nitrous oxide marked "Beneficial Pharmaceutical Co." Frank kicks through some of the garbage when a VOICE rings out behind him

VOICE O.S.
(thick hillbilly accent)
And just what in the hell do you think you're doing there, fella?

Frank spins around --- standing outside the hole in the wall is a buck-toothed muthafucka that goes by the name of CLEETER.

FRANK
Who are you?

CLEETER
The name's Cleeter. Cleeter the Eater. I'm the maintenance man at this here motel.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: 81

Frank resumes his inspection of the room.

FRANK
Cleeter, the eater? (beat) What do you eat?

CLEETER
The only thing there is to eat: pussy, mister -- P U S S Y.

Frank looks over at Cleeter, smiles and lets loose a little CHUCKLE. Cleeter returns the chuckle with a depraved GIGGLE of his own.

CLEETER (cont'd)
So now, how's about you telling me who you are?

FRANK
I'm the man that's gonna give you two hundred in cash if you just let me ask the questions?
(pulls out the cash, holds it up)
Okay?

CLEETER
Anything you say, Mister.

FRANK
Now, what happened here?

CLEETER
Well, what the hell does it look like? Someone done drove a car through this here fuckin' wall.
(shakes his head)
What gits me is how them fellers got the dang car in here to begin with.

Frank shows Cleeter the pictures of Ringo and Felix.

FRANK
These the men?

CLEETER
Yep. That's them.

FRANK
How long were they here?

CLEETER
Oh, I reckon 'bout a day or so ---

FRANK
And when ---
(gesturing to hole in wall)
did they leave?

CLEETER
Must have been some time late last night, cause I didn't find this di-saster until just this morning.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: 81

FRANK
Have you called the police?

CLEETER
(nodding)
I done called them 'bout two damm hours ago and they still ain't here. They got every damm cop in this whole damm city over there at the zoo --- dealing with an even bigger di-saster than this.

FRANK
What are you talking about? What's up at the zoo?

CLEETER
Sheeit, ain't you heard? Some brainsick muthafuckas broke into the zoo last night and shot the whole damm place to shit. Do you believe that shit!? What kind of heartless bastards would do something like that? Hundreds of animals slaughtered --- hundreds more on the loose.
(shakes his head)
Sheeit, the whole thing is just down right unholy!

Frank is struck with a sudden realization. He spins around, blows past Cleeter

CLEETER (cont'd)
Hey?! What about my two hundred?!

Frank stops, turns around

FRANK
How do I get to the zoo?

CLEETER
Just take the forty-four clear across to the other side of town --- and follow the signs.

Frank hands Cleeter the cash, exits through the hole, and gets into cab as we:

CUT TO:

82 EXT. MEMPHIS ZOO - MORNING 82

Emergency vehicles are thick to the entrance gates of the Memphis Zoo with their doors ajar, lights swirling and a frenzied medley of transmissions coming from each car's comlink. But not a soul around.

Skippy's cab rolls into frame and pulls over to the side of the road and kills it engine. Frank gets out and regards the scene with an uneasy curiosity.

He can HEAR a chaotic symphony of sounds coming from inside the walls of the zoo. PEOPLE SCREAMING, HOLLERING, GUN SHOTS, INDUSTRIAL MACHINERY, and ALL KINDS OF ANIMALS.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: 82

Frank gestures Skippy to wait in the car and starts walking towards the entrance gates as we:

CUT TO:

83 INT. MEMPHIS ZOO - MORNING 83

Frank jumps from the top of the zoo's outer wall to the roof of a maintenance shack --- and from the maintenance shack to the ground.

A small HYENA with blood dripping from it's mouth, suddenly appears in front of Frank. The Hyena regards Frank for a few moments, LAUGHS, turns around and leaves. MOVING with Frank as he follows the Hyena around the corner of a building --- and then is abruptly confronted with a grisly sight:

ANGLE ON THE SHOT TO SHIT CARCASS OF A MASSIVE ELEPHANT LYING DEAD IN THE ROAD: A PACK OF SIX HYENAS standing all over the poor animal --- all of them feeding on the meat. The Hyenas look up at Frank, LAUGH, and then go back to their feeding frenzy. Frank can see shell casings littering the ground --- glittering in the morning light.

MOVING with Frank as he walks past the elephant and hyenas --- making his way to the zoo's main thoroughfare. Frank casually picks up his pace along this path. He encounters more dead animals, more shell casings and more insanity. Some of the animals have been killed by a sledgehammer to the skull.

BIRDS of every variety fill the air. A SCHOOL OF PENGUINS bustle past Frank and waddle down the road in one direction, just as TWO PARAMEDICS holding a BLOODY COP in a stretcher rush past us heading in the opposite direction.

Frank looks to his left and sees a ANOTHER COP explode out of a clump of bushes and scurry down road. The Cop is wildly firing his revolver behind him as he runs --- trying to get away from some unseen threat, when suddenly --- a MASSIVE BENGAL TIGER erupts out of another clump of bushes, tackles the SHRIEKING Cop, and rips him to shreds.

CONTINUING with Frank as he looks over to the right and sees a GROUP OF SIX FIREMEN being gorged by TWO RABID RHINOS.

Frank finds himself slowly drawn to a less populated section of the zoo. STRANGE MUSIC is just barely audible. Frank hones in on the music's source: the PRIMATE PALACE --- a large, enclosed building with a jungle motif painted on its outside walls.

Frank moves closer like he's being pulled in -- trance-like.

CUT TO:

84 INT. PRIMATE PALACE - MORNING 84

The STRANGE MUSIC is clearly emananting from this place. The cave-like entrance to Primate Palace has the visual sensibility of a Disneyland attraction.

Frank walks in and his eyes go shock-wide as the CAMERA SWISH PANS AROUND and reveals: HUNDREDS OF PRIMATES --- chimps, gorillas, monkeys, baboons all sitting with their backs to us, facing a

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED: 84

solitary figure. The figure is seated naked on top of a small boulder --- it's Orson, the zoo-keeper. His portable record player is situated in front of him and is playing a French cabaret tune from the 1930's: Ray Ventura & ses Collegiens': "Les Trois Mandarins".

Orson looks badly injured. Cuts, bruises, claw marks, and animal bites have shredded his skin and clothes -- but he seems rather peaceful and creepy. He glances up unemotionally at Frank. Simultaneously, all the primates slowly turn their heads and look back at Frank, then look at each other, and then back at Orson -- like Orson is their king. Frank is tripping out on all the high weirdness. Frank's sights ZOOMING IN of the bloody sledgehammer lying across Orson's lap.

Frank then watches as Orson, ever so slowly, reaches over and lifts the needle off the record -- stopping the music and eyeing the monkeys the whole time -- like it is an experiment.

All the primates instantly go stark-raving berserk and attack Orson -- screaming, biting, clawing. Orson fights off the hordes with the sledgehammer as he desperately attempts to return the needle to the record. Finally, he manages to get the music back on and the primates abruptly calm down and return to their original places -- just staring at him. Orson catches his breath spits up some blood, looks up at Frank and says:

ORSON
Did you see that?

All Frank can do is kind of nod in amazement and horror.

FRANK
Where'd you get that hammer, laddie?

ORSON
From the priests ---

Orson suddenly keels over in extreme pain and starts spitting up blood into his hands.

ORSON (cont'd)
(scared)
I think I'm dying---

Frank begins to slowly, carefully make his way through the primates towards Orson.

FRANK
We're all dying, laddie --- but you'll be okay, so long as you set yer affections on heaven above and put your trust in God.

ORSON
God is dead.

FRANK
Is that what the priests told you?

Orson looks over at the record player like this sudden, fascinating idea has struck him. He begins to slowly reach his hand over to the needle again as if it were the first time and he has no idea what will happen.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED: 84

ORSON
They didn't tell, they showed. They showed me the proof. The proof is in the bag.

Frank stops dead in his tracks. He looks around nervously at the primates all around him and then back at Orson's hand as it nears the needle. The primates watch Orson passively.

FRANK
(trying to remain calm)
Laddie, don't. What are you talking about?

Orson's hand freezes a few inches above the needle. He slowly looks back up at Frank -- talking and moving like he's in feebleminded slow motion.

ORSON
God is dead, the proof is in the bag -- the bag...

FRANK
What bag?

ORSON
The little orange bag...
(begins to sing this eerie mantra)
God is dead, we've all been had, the proof is in the little bag. God is dead, we've all been had, the proof is in the little bag --

FRANK
Come on now, laddie. Move away from the hi-fi. Just let me help you and everything will be okay.

Orson looks confused -- his hand hovers over the record player.

ORSON
How can you say that? God is dead! There's no one in control!

FRANK
Yes there is. We're in control here -- you and me. Now come on and let's get out of here and talk this out. You can tell me about the priests.

Orson ever so slowly begins to pull his hand away from the needle.

Suddenly, a sharp VOICE rings out from behind Frank.

VOICE O.S.
Freeze, motherfuckers!

Frank turns and finds a COP with his assault rifle drawn standing at the mouth of the cave. The Cop's eyes are locked on the sledgehammer at Orson's feet.

FRANK
This isn't what you think---

84 CONTINUED: 84

COP
(interrupting)
Shut the fuck up and get your hands in the air.

Orson watches like it's another amazing experiment.

ORSON
(excited)
See! See what I mean?!

FRANK
(desperately to Orson)
Laddie, where are the priests? Where are they going?

COP
I said shut the fuck up and get your hands up!!

Orson just shakes his head at Frank in disgust. He grabs the sledgehammer.

ORSON
(to Frank)
You see? You're not in control. No one is.

Orson stands up and starts to walk towards the Cop with the hammer in his hand.

COP
(on the edge)
Boy, you better drop that hammer and get your hands in the air, or I will put you down.

Frank takes one look at the Cop and can see that he means it. The tension is thick.

FRANK
Do as he says, laddie --- stop!

Orson ignores them both. Frank's temples throb as he mentally runs through his options. The Cop trains his gun on Orson's skull.

COP
You've been warned motherfucker!

And just as the Cop is about to pull the trigger, Frank spins around with his SIG 9mm in hand and in one swift motion he puts a bullet right between the Cop's eyes. The Cop falls back and reflexively lets out a few rounds from his weapon --- one of which ZINGS past Frank and hits the record player.--- the music stops.

An eerie moment of silence and inaction. Orson turns to Frank, gives him an "I told you so" smile. And in an insane burst of hysteria, the primates suddenly explode into motion, swarming past Frank and attacking the wide-eyed Orson. The primates literally rip Orson apart. Frank stands there watching in frozen horror. He staggers backward towards the entrance as we:

CUT TO:

85 EXT. MEMPHIS ZOO - MORNING 85

Frank appears out of the bushes, makes his way over to Skippy's cab, gets in.

86 INT. SKIPPY'S TAXI CAB - MORNING 86

Frank's in a muck sweat, looking like a man that's on the verge of death.

SKIPPY
(concerned)
What the fuck's going on, Mack?

FRANK
Don't worry about it. Now take me to church.

SKIPPY
Church? What the hell are you talking about!? What Church?

FRANK
(yells)
I don't care --- any church --- just take me. Now!

87 EXT. MEMPHIS ZOO - MORNING 87

As Skippy's cab swings a U-turn and peels down the street the CAMERA WIDENS TO REVEAL --- ANGELICA getting into her car and following as we:

CUT TO:

88 EXT. CATHEDRAL - MORNING 88

An ominous looking cathedral.

A gang of SEVEN angel-faced MEMPHIS ALTAR BOYS have gathered on the cathedral's front steps. Standing before the Boys, an anxious, young STREET PUNK. The leader of the gang, ALTAR BOY #1, has a .38 Special in his right hand --- the gun's cylinder is open but empty.

ALTAR BOY#1
So, little brother, you wanna to be part of our sacred crew? You wanna be an Altar Boy?

The initiation is suddenly interrupted when Skippy's cab comes to a SCREECHING stop in front of the cathedral's steps. Frank gets out. MOVING with Frank as he rushes past the Altar Boys, up the steps and into the cathedral.

89 INT. CATHEDRAL - MORNING 89

Frank enters the dimly lit cathedral, dips his hand in the holy-water basin and crosses himself. A SOFT&GENTLE PRIEST suddenly appears out of nowhere --- startling Frank.

89 CONTINUED: 89

SOFT&GENTLE PRIEST
Can I help you, my Son? (beat) You look troubled.

FRANK
Aye, Father. I am troubled ---

SOFT&GENTLE PRIEST
I understand.
(gestures Frank to follow)
This way please.

Frank hesitantly follows as the Priest leads him towards the confessional booth.

Angelica cautiously enters the cathedral and catches sight of the Priest directing Frank into the confessional booth and closing the curtain behind him. The Priest then closes the door to the other side of the booth, which Angelica can see is definitely empty, and walks away --- leaving Frank sitting in there alone.

90 INT. CONFESSIONAL - ANGLE ON FRANK 90

Frank draws back as the confessional's wooden separation screen flies open. There are a few uneasy moments. We can HEAR the sounds of people quietly having dinner --- almost as if those people were eating in the booth.

Frank takes a deep breath, leans into the screen and closes his eyes.

FRANK
(hoarse whisper)
Forgive me father for I have sinned ---

CARTEKKER O.S.
Yes, we know Mister Doyle. We've been expecting you.

CLOSE ON FRANK as he draws back in astonishment, clearly freaked out by the sound of Cartekker's voice.

FRANK
That can't be. How could you have possibly known that I was going to be here?

CARTEKKER O.S.
Because it is our business to know such things --- now what news do you have to confess?

CUT TO:

91 INT. CATHEDRAL - MORNING 91

Angelica sits in the pews, stares at the confessional. You can see that she's hungry to know what Frank's doing in there by himself.

MOVING with Angelica as she gets up and cautiously approaches the confessional. She can HEAR the muffled VOICES of Frank and Cartekker. Totally bewildered, she decides to peek behind the curtain of the side of the booth opposite Frank's.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: 91

POV ANGELICA: Angelica can see that the booth is empty and that Cartekker's voice is being broadcasted through a small radio transmitter/receiver mounted just above the screen.

92 INT. CONFESSIONAL - ANGLE ON ANGELICA 92

Without making a sound --- Angelica, ever so carefully, slithers her way into the empty booth, sits down and listens.

FRANK O.S.
(emotional)
I'm falling. Falling from whatever grace I have left. Falling away from myself,(beat) I'm losing control.
(tormented whisper)
And now I've taken the life of someone who didn't deserve to die---

CARTEKKER O.S.
(interrupting)
This should be of no consequence to you, my son --- so long as you kill the heretics, all will be forgiven and your soul will move on.

ANGLE ON FRANK:

FRANK
And if the heretics can't be killed? What then?

CARTEKKER O.S.
(after a long pause)
I don't understand the question --- what do you mean by "can't".

FRANK
I mean that these heretics aren't men, they're not even monsters. They're creatures of havoc. (beat) They're supernatural---

CARTEKKER O.S.
(angrily interrupting)
Blasphemy! A belief in a supernatural source of evil is not necessary, Mister Doyle --- you of all people should know that men alone are capable of every conceivable wickedness.

FRANK
If you could only see the things that I have seen, then you would understand --- your heretics are beyond morality --- for them there is no good, there is no evil or wickedness. (beat) There is only the void of consequence that comes from their belief that God is dead.

CARTEKKER O.S.
We walk by faith, my Son, not by sight. And if your faith in the Lord is strong and true, then you know that this cannot be.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: 92

FRANK
Aye, but what if it isn't? What if their faith in God being dead is a thousand times stronger than mine in Him being alive? What if it's strong enough to make me start doubting in myself and believe in them?

93 ANGLE ON ANGELICA: 93

She listens in horror as Frank finally breaks down --- he starts to CRY like a man that's losing his mind. This is the first time Angelica's ever been exposed to this side of Frank --- and she is deeply moved by the pain and emotion she HEARS coming out of this man.

FRANK O.S.
(anguished whisper)
Oh Lord, please. Help me to stand fast in my faith---

CARTEKKER O.S.
The Lord will only help those that help themselves, Mister Doyle, you know that. You must fight the good fight, you must finish your course, you must keep your faith --- or your soul will be lost.

94 ANGLE BACK ON FRANK: 94

FRANK
(harried)
But I don't know if I'm strong enough to kill these men ---

CARTEKKER O.S.
You no longer need concern yourself with killing them --- just get us the bag.

Frank's expression suddenly frosts over.

FRANK
What?

CARTEKKER O.S.
The heretics have in their possession a small orange bag --a fanny pack-- and we will honor the terms of your indulgence, so long as you return it to us, <u>unopened</u>.

Frank shuts his eyes in dread --- his senses capsizing --- a pause so pregnant, it gives birth.

FRANK
Why do you want the bag?

CARTEKKER O.S.
It contains something which was taken from us --- something that could easily be misinterpreted, and therefore, dangerous to the ordinary, God-fearing people of this planet.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: 94

FRANK
And what might that something be?

CARTEKKER O.S.
Be not curious in unnecessary matters --- remember...God fashioned hell for the inquisitive.

Frank can't speak. He can't breath. All he can do is palpitate in horror. His unexpected lack of repartee is creating a bad vacuum.

CARTEKKER O.S. (cont'd)
Is there something wrong, Mister Doyle

FRANK
Yeah --- there's something wrong --- I'm just not sure --- if it's me, if it's you or if it's them.

Frank's clearly starting to lose control as we:

95 ANGLE ON ANGELICA: 95

Frank suddenly lurches forward and grabs hold of the separation-screen's wood-mesh. Angelica draws back, startled.

FRANK O.S. (cont'd)
(slow and desperate)
I need to know what's inside that fucking fanny pack---

CARTEKKER O.S.
(forcefully interrupting)
No --- all you need know is that your divine afterlife is only assured if you return it to us unopened.

The tension is growing. Angel can see that Frank's trying to look through the screen and decides that it's time to make a quiet exit as we:

96 ANGLE BACK ON FRANK: 96

FRANK
Your assurances mean nothing to me until I know that the contents of the bag haven't already rendered them null and void ---

CARTEKKER O.S.
Frank, my son, trust me --- the less you understand, the greater your faith ---

FRANK
The greater my faith in what? How can I have any faith if I don't fucking know what to believe in?

CARTEKKER O.S.
You can't --- nobody can. This is why you must help us preserve our truth, no matter what the cost.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: 96

FRANK
Even if it's a lie?

CARTEKKER O.S.
(after a long pause)
Especially if it's lie.

The wooden separation screen abruptly shuts as we:

CUT TO:

97 EXT. CATHEDRAL - DAY 97

CLOSE ON THE MEMPHIS ALTAR BOYS standing over the Young Street Punk who is kneeling before them. Altar Boy#1 has the 38 Special in his right hand --- the gun's cylinder is open but empty.

ALTAR BOY#1
Is the Lord your savior? Is He your rock, and your fortress, and your deliverer?

STREET PUNK#1
The Lord is my savior. He only is my rock and salvation; he is my defense. I shall not be moved.

ALTAR BOY#1
Very well little brother ---

Altar Boy#1 takes out a bullet, loads it into one of the gun's six empty chambers. He then spins the gun's cylinder shut and holds it out for the Punk to take.

ALTAR BOY#1 (cont'd)
Put the gun to your head, pull the trigger and let your soul receive instruction.

The Punk goes for the gun --- but before he can actually get a hold of it, A MAN'S HAND reaches into frame and takes it instead. The Altar Boys and Punk all look up and see Frank.

ALTAR BOY#3
Hey, Dad. What the fuck do you think you're doing?

FRANK
(puts the gun to his head)
Same as you lads ---

Frank pulls the trigger ---CLICK--- the hammer drops on an empty chamber. Frank pulls the trigger a second, third and fourth time --- all of them empty chambers. The Altar Boys and Punk are impressed and when Frank pulls the trigger for the fifth time and survives, they are amazed ---

ALTAR BOY#5
Behold, brothers --- for here stands a man whose faith is as true as his balls are large.

MOVING CLOSE ON FRANK the gun still at his head, sweat pouring down his face, his finger still on the trigger and enough bitch in his eyes to pull it --- and suddenly the Altar Boys realize that

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: 97

this isn't a man trying to test his faith, it's a man trying to kill himself.

ALTAR BOY#1
(locking eyes with Frank)
What's up, Dad --- are you out of your fucking mind?

Frank gives the Boy a tormented smile, closes his eyes and pulls the trigger on the loaded chamber --- but when the hammer drops on the bullet, nothing happens --- the gun just goes CLICK, as if it were empty.

A few uncanny moments of silence and inaction --- everyone frozen with disbelief --- Altar Boy#2 breaking the trance when he suddenly erupts with "Holy Shit" LAUGHTER. The other Altar Boys, one by one, begin to join their brother in hysterics. Frank just stands there like a shell-shocked man --- he drops the gun, staggers backwards, turns around and then dives into Skippy's cab as we:

CUT TO:

98 INT. INTERFAITH COUNCIL HEADQUARTERS - DAY 98

The table is covered with every kind of delicacy and liquor imaginable. The Ministers ravenously gorging the grub and guzzling the booze.

MINISTER ICK
This communion with the assassin only seems to confirm the worst ---

MINISTER DICK
Yes --- very disturbing news, indeed --- it was as if you could almost hear the distant sound of a plane crashing into the side of a mountain.

MINISTER ICK
You took the words right out of my mouth.

MINISTER SICK
O, mercy!... and wayward thoughts aside, what are we going to do now?

CARTEKKER
(from within the darkness)
If we can no longer assume that God is, then we have no other choice but to make sure that God must be. No matter what the cost.
(lights up his pipe)
We must put an end to all of this mugwumpery once and forevermore. We must take it upon ourselves to retrieve this bag and destroy all of those with any knowledge of its existence.

MINISTER ICK
What is the order of battle, your eminence?

MINISTER DICK
Yes, where would you like us to start?

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: 98

CARTEKKER
(a few thoughtful puffs)
Well, it was quite clear from his confession that our Mister Doyle knows too much --- start with him.

The jingle-jangly sound of an ICE CREAM TRUCK MUSIC is suddenly HEARD as we:

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON THE SEVERED HEAD OF A DEAD RHINO --- it's lifeless, bloodshot eyes opened wide --- it's face riddled with bullets. A LITTLE BOY licking a popcicle suddenly walks into frame examines the head and then pokes to make sure that it's dead.

THE CAMERA WIDENS TO REVEAL:

99 EXT. STREET - DAY 99

The Rhino head has been mounted on the Road Runner, it's the car's new hood-ornament. The Road Runner is parked near the corner of a quiet residential street --- right behind a little white ice cream truck. There is a GROUP OF LITTLE KIDS standing on line in front of an ice cream truck and standing on line with them are Ringo and Felix.

Ringo is wearing the partially gutted carcass of a shot-to-shit giraffe --- and he's wearing it like a cape. And Felix is looking mighty dapper in his custom-made Polar Bear suit. Both men covered with dripping blood, swarming flies, and dangling vital organs.

The kids on line seem more intrigued than concerned by the horror-show high weirdness. ICHABOD, the little boy standing in front of the priests, looks back and gives Ringo a curious glare

ICHABOD
Say Mister, why are you wearing that giraffe?

RINGO
Because it feeeeels good.

CUT TO:

100 INT. SKIPPY'S TAXI CAB - DAY 100

Frank is sprawled out in the backseat, eyes closed, trying to catch his breath --- he's looking seriously ill. He's got his vermifuge in one hand and a fresh ampule of mendragon in the other.

SKIPPY
(takes a quick look at Frank)
Hey, Mack --- you alright?

FRANK
Everything's just dreamy. Any news about the Road Runner?

SKIPPY
Not yet but if it's still in this city, it's just a matter of time.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: 100

FRANK
How many cabs did you get on the street?

SKIPPY
For five grand!? Shit, I got every fucking cabbie in the city gunning for your Road Runner --- just look around and you'll see, it's a God damm taxicab dragnet out there...

FRANK
Some fucking dragnet ---

Frank is having trouble snapping the fresh amp into the injection gun --- his hands are shaking too much.

Skippy hits a bump in the road and the ampule falls out of Frank's hand and onto the floor.

FRANK
Fine, now keep your eyes on the road ---

Frank leans down and reaches to pick up the mendragon when suddenly --- BOOOOOOOSH! The cab's rear window is obliterated by GUNFIRE. Skippy loses his shit. The cab swerves wildly. Frank is thrown into the door, covered in glass. Skippy regains control, looks up into the rearview mirror.

SKIPPY
(screams)
Who's the trigger-happy priest in the Impala?

Frank snaps into action, unshucks his Magnum, takes a peak out the rear window and sees the SOFT&GENTLE PRIEST driving a sky blue Chevy Impala, one hand on the wheel the other on his gun. BOOSH! The Soft&Gentle Priest takes another shot.

FRANK
(screaming back)
I'll handle him. You just drive.

SKIPPY guns the car into overdrive causing it to SCREEEEECH forward. Frank RETURNS FIRE and drills the Impala with three quick shots. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Shattering the windshield.

FRANK
I need to get my bag in the trunk.

SKIPPY
Fuck it. I ain't stopping this car.

The taxi gets bombarded by another hail of GUN FIRE. Frank reaches into his left boot and pulls out a commando knife. He stabs the backseat cushion and begins ripping it up.

SKIPPY
Hey! What the fuck are you doing!?

Using his right leg, Frank STOMPS through the divider that separates the trunk from the backseat. He pulls out his commando-bag, unzips a compartment and gets his hands around a pump-action

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: 100

sawed-off shotgun, then WUSCHCLACKS a shell of OO buck into the chamber.

The CB suddenly comes to life with a barrage of MANIC TRANSMISSIONS. Skippy reacts by throwing the car into a high-powered reverse 180 -- SLAMMING Frank into the door.

SKIPPY
They've spotted the Road Runner. About eight clicks from here.

FRANK
Alright, line this cab up so that the bastard's right in back of us and when I say "now" -- hit the brakes. Okay?

Skippy lines the cab up in front of the Impala.

FRANK (cont'd)
NOW!

101 EXT. STREET - DAY 101

The cab SLAMS on its brakes. The Soft&Gentle Priest doesn't have time to react and is about to rear-end the taxi when Frank pops up and lambasts the Impala with a torrent of automatic-shotgun fire.

The Impala's engine EXPLODES in flames. The Soft&Gentle Priest loses his grip, the car swerves out of control and careens into oncoming traffic as we:

CUT TO:

102 INT. LOCAL TAXI CAB#1 - DAY 102

The Road Runner BLISTERS through the intersection like a fucking speedball. Two other cabs are already trailing as we BURN rubber and give chase.

CAB DRIVER #1
I got them. Corner of Luther and Freemont-going North on Luther.

MOVING THROUGH THE ACTION -- CAB#'s 2 and 3 work an A-B-C tail. They fall into position behind the Road Runner.

103 INT. ROAD RUNNER - DAY 103

The radio is BLASTING the flagrant rockabilly rhyme and sacred verse of The Cramps' "Human Fly".

Felix is driving like a fucking speed-demon. Father Ringo is riding shotgun. Both men are licking their astro popcicles.

FELIX
(letting loose a reptilian smirk)
No man is an island. But on the toilet he is an entire continent...

RINGO
What in the fuck are you talking about?

103 CONTINUED: 103

Ringo catches sight of something nestled in between Felix's legs He reaches over and grabs them --- an empty bottle of laxatives and a half used bottle of amyl nitrite.

RINGO
You kunt... what 'ave you done!?

The Father is so fucked, it's inspiring.

FELIX
Only what was necessary ---

RINGO
You miserable bastard. You just better hope you don't shit yourself in the car.

FELIX
Not to worry, Brother --- just give me a large metallic ladle and a clean pair of underwear --- and I will be all things to all men.

CUT TO:

104 INT. SKIPPY'S TAXI CAB - DAY 104

Frank, now riding shotgun, primes his ordinance in a real cold blooded fashion, loading it up with a sack full of 00 buck shot.

The radio is BLARING with the runaway transmissions of a citywide taxicab dragnet zoning in on its mark.

SKIPPY punches the boat into a nauseating spin. Unexpectedly hammering Frank into the dash, face first. Another swerve rips Frank off the dashboard and into the door. His face swelling with agitation, anticipation and blood.

FRANK
(nose plugged)
You should learn how to drive.

SKIPPY
Mister, I got dragstrip courage. And that's enough in this town.

FRANK
(brandishing his shotgun)
It better be, laddie, or I'll be plugging this up yer ass fer supper.

CUT TO:

105 EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY 105

The Road Runner hurtles through the intersection. A growing parade of taxicabs trail in violent pursuit.

106 INT. ROAD RUNNER - DAY 106

Ringo looks up into the rearview mirror and takes notice of all the taxi cabs around them.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: 106

RINGO
Whass' up with all the fucking cabs?

FELIX
(taking notice)
Probably a convention or something.

RINGO
Convention. Right...

CUT TO:

107 EXT. STREET - AERIAL 107

The Road Runner, surrounded by a motorcade of piss yellow cabs, scorches down the straightaway.

From around the corner SCREECHES Skippy's taxi cab. It begins to inch up on the action -- highballin' it down that center line.

108 INT. SKIPPY'S TAXI CAB - DAY 108

Skippy has got everything at full throttle. Frank prepares for battle, straps himself in and WUSCHCLACKS a shell into the chamber.

It's time to rumble...

CUT TO:

.09 INT. ROAD RUNNER - DAY 109

Felix and Ringo licking their astro pops, completely oblivious to the fact that they're in the middle of a shakedown.

CUT TO:

110 CLOSE ON FRANK'S FACE - ONE WORD: RESOLVE. 110

CUT TO:

111 CLOSE ON ROAD RUNNER: REARVIEW MIRROR - DAY 111

We see the remaining cabs drop off. Skippy's taxi cab comes into full view, moving in for the kill. Lurching forward. Closer. Closer. Closer. We can see Frank leveling his gun towards us...

BOOOOOOOSH! Our view is viciously shattered by a deafening series of SHOTGUN BLASTS.

112 EXT./INT. SKIPPY'S TAXI CAB - DAY 112

CLOSE ON FRANK as he lets loose with another series of BLASTS and BLOWS OUT the cab's windshield. Firing his shotgun at a machine gun pace. The muzzle bursts illuminating his face in a psychedelic strobe of light. Everything harmonizing into a hypnotic toccata of doom.

13 INT. ROAD RUNNER - DAY 113

Frank's second assault obliterates what was left of the rear window.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: 113

Ringo gets pegged in the neck by a stray pellet and SCREAMS in pain. Felix just SCREAMS. Another BLAST. More SCREAMS. "What the fuck is going on?"

114 EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY 114

We see the rapidly approaching Road Runner setting itself up for the corner.

Tires SCREEEEECH, the engine GEARS DOWN as the Road Runner rips around the corner. Skippy's cab follows but has too much momentum...

115 INT. SKIPPY'S TAXI CAB - DAY 115

Too much speed as we move in on the Road Runner. Collision is imminent. Frank braces himself.....

FRANK
Gear down! Gear down!

Skippy SCREAMS knowing that he has made a bum move and SLAMS into the back of the Road Runner full force. A THIRD CAR caught in the vehicular cross fire CRASHES into the back of the taxi cab.

The force of the rear impact is so overwhelming that it flails Skippy out of his seat, over the wheel, through the window, down the hood and into the momentary fender bridge that has been created between the taxi cab and Road Runner. We HEAR the terrible clash of metal fenders tearing into each other.

Frank grabs the wheel, slides into the drivers seat and regains control.

We can see Skippy desperately trying to climb to safety.

116 INT. ROAD RUNNER - DAY 116

Hysterically trying to regain control of the situation, Felix stomps on the accelerator. The engine SQUEALS like some bleeding, one-eyed pig from Equador as the car heaves forward.

117 EXT. SKIPPY'S TAXI CAB/ROAD RUNNER - DAY 117

The terrible sound of metal being ripped apart. The cars disconnect as their fenders tear away. Skippy SCREAMS as he drops to the pavement.

Frank SLAMS on the breaks but cannot avoid pummeling his fallen comrade into the the asphalt. He SCREAMS in horror as blood sprays everywhere.

The Road Runner tramples forward -- wounded, confused, but still alive.

118 INT. SKIPPY'S TAXI CAB - DAY 118

Frank levels his shotgun on top of the steering wheel. BOOOOSH!

119 INT. ROAD RUNNER - DAY 119

Pellets RIP into everything. It's a vehicular blitzkrieg. Upholstery being torn up, windows shattering, the metallic flange of ricocheting pellets.

Amid the assault, Ringo lets loose a frustrated WAR CRY. And not knowing what else to do, he scrambles to get a hold of a machine gun from the back seat. He lets loose an ugly burst of return fire --- blindly trying to ward off the attacking demon.

120 EXT. STREET - VARIOUS ANGLES 120

An enfilade of gunfire blazes out of the Road Runner's rear window. Bullets flying everywhere but Frank holds the line, turns the machine up full bore and charges forward.

121 INT. ROAD RUNNER - DAY 121

Ringo empties the gun's clip, throws it aside, and reaches for the M79 grenade launcher. He slings it on, pulling it over his shoulder in one motion. He opens the breech and slides a fat 40mm grenade into the bore, flipping it closed with the snap of the wrist.

Frank is right on top of them. Ringo takes aim and is about to pull the trigger when Frank's car surges forward and RAMS them...

THUUUP! --- Ringo misfires at an inhumanely close range right into a parked car.

122 EXT. STREET - VARIOUS ANGLES 122

The taxi cab and Road Runner reel through a cul-de-sac of fire as the parked car is atomized.

The concussion from the blast SHATTERS all the windows of a nearby building. It's raining glass, the deadly shards mauling anyone in its way.

Frank t-bones it through the chute and into on coming traffic -- dodging cars right and left -- he pulls up along the driver-side of the Road Runner.

A moment of silence as Frank has his first face to face encounter with the heretics. His sights ZOOOMING in on the orange fanny-pack strapped around Ringo's waist.

Ringo and Felix return Frank's glare with their own: "who the fuck are you and why are you trying to kill us" - look.

Frank takes aim on Felix -- a bid to combat which Ringo meets by taking aim on Frank. Both cars running side by side -- vehicular turmoil all around them -- staring down each other's barrels.

Frank fires just as the Road Runner surges forward. A cone of buck shot rakes into the Road Runner's fuel tank. Gas begins to spew out, creating a high octane fuse.

POV FRANK: ZOOMING in on the ruptured fuel tank and the trail of gas that it leaves in its wake.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: 122

Frank opens fires and ignites the gas fuse sending a scorching flame towards the Road Runner.

123 INT. ROAD RUNNER - DAY 123

Ringo looking through the rear window only to find a fire storm moving in on them.

RINGO
(screaming)
Fire! Fire...coming towards us...

FELIX
What should we do?

124 POV RINGO: ZOOMING IN ON AN APPROACHING FIRE HYDRANT. 124

Father Ringo instinctively slides another grenade into the bore, takes aim on the hydrant and fires. BOOOSH! - a direct hit.

125 EXT. STREET - DAY 125

A wall of water extinguishes the flames as both cars explode through the liquid barricade.

Franks car skids, slewing sideways and into a storefront.

The Road Runner mows down a line of parking meters and then hits a PEDESTRIAN walking out of a store. BAM! The Pedestrian rolls up the hood, through the window and into the car.

126 INT. ROAD RUNNER - DAY 126

Felix is horrified. Pushing the bloody cadaver aside, he trys desperately to maintain control. Suddenly the Pedestrian explodes to life flailing about like a headless chicken. Felix SLAMS the car to a stop and Ringo fires two quick rounds into the Pedestrian's heart. Blood splatters everywhere. Ringo kicks the body out of the car and Felix SMASHES the boat into gear.

Felix looks into the rearview and sees that the taxi cab has dropped off. The attack has been momentarily paused.

FELIX
The demon car is falling behind.

RINGO
WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON! Did you get a deco at that rat kunt bastard?! Why is he trying to kill us!? I mean, what did we ever do to him?

FELIX
You're bleeding! Oh dear, you've been shot!

RINGO
(taking a good look at himself)
Fuck me, I've been hit! (cries) What kind of psychotic rat kunt bastard would shoot me at a time like this!?

127 INT. SKIPPY'S TAXI CAB - DAY 127

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED: 127

Frank SLAMS the accelerator through the floorboard, hurtles back into the dogfight and tries to close the gap.

128 INT. ROAD RUNNER - DAY 128

Speeding magnum force down the highway towards a bridge suspended over a RIVER.

Ringo rips his shirt off, ties it around his neck and cuts off the blood flow.

FELIX
Do you think it's Law Enforcement?

RINGO
Fuck no. There'd be more of them if it was.

FELIX
Then what is he?

RINGO
He's a destroyer, no doubt about that.

FELIX
What should we do?

RINGO
(sarcastic)
Let's try and make friends with him.

129 EXT. BRIDGE - VARIOUS ANGLES 129

The Road Runner makes its way over the two lane bridge. It is packed with cars, one lane going each way.

130 EXT. SKIPPY'S TAXI CAB - DAY 130

Frank making a mad dash for the bridge in the distance.

131 INT. ROAD RUNNER - DAY 131

Ringo has got the bong and blow torch out. He's taking a hit of pure speed.

They move over the bridge and back onto the highway.

RINGO
(feels the drug-rush)
Stop the car...

FELIX
What?

RINGO
Stop the fucking car. I feel unusual.

FELIX
But he's right behind us.

Ringo punches Felix in the face.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: 131

RINGO
I said stop the fucking car. It's my turn to drive.

132 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY 132

The Road Runner SCREECHES to a stop. Ringo gets out and gets in the driver's seat.

CUT TO:

133 INT. SKIPPY'S TAXI CAB - VARIOUS ANGLES 133

Frank gets onto the bridge but is forced to slow down because of the traffic density. He tries to switch lanes but there are too many cars.

CAR HORNS BEGIN TO SOUND! THE SOUND MOVING CLOSER...

Looking ahead, Frank can see the cars in both lanes being forced off the bridge by something coming straight towards us. The traffic seems to be parting down the middle, like the Red Sea. Cars in both lanes being driven off and sent crashing into the swamp below as we:

CUT TO:

134 INT. ROAD RUNNER - DAY 134

The blood stained, battled raged, mega-death face of Father Ringo, center lining it down the middle of the bridge, steam rolling over anything in his way.

RINGO
(screaming)
'Ave me runnin will ya? I'll show you who's the destroyer...

A manic SHRILL SCREAMING builds, drowning out all other sound.

135 PSYCHEDELIC SLOW MOTION MONTAGE: 135

136 1.) POV FRANK- THE ROAD RUNNER PULSATING TOWARDS US, CARS BEING MUSCLED INTO EACH OTHER AND OFF THE BRIDGE. 136

137 2.) POV RINGO & FELIX - BULLDOZING TOWARDS THE TAXI CAB. FRANK, A GUN IN EACH HAND, LETS LOOSE A SICKENING FIELD OF FIRE, BULLETS TRACING ALL AROUND US. 137

138 3.) RINGO & FELIX RETURNING FIRE WITH EVERYTHING THEY'VE GOT. 138

139 4.) FRANK'S FINAL EXPRESSION OF HORROR AND DOOM. 139

FLASH! BOOOM! IMPACT! - BACK INTO REAL TIME

140 INT. SKIPPY'S TAXI CAB - DAY 140

The Road Runner IMPALES itself into the taxi cab causing the front end to IMPLODE. The shockwave causes all the windows to POP. Frank can't see anything -- glass flying everywhere. Felix is laying down a hideous field of fire. No one's getting out of here alive.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: 140

Frank tries to duck down behind the dash but the steering wheel has him pinned upright against the seat. All he can do is close his eyes and SCREAM as the Road Runner muscles the taxi off the bridge.

141 EXT. BRIDGE OVER RIVER - DAY 141

The Road Runner shoves the taxi off the bridge.

142 EXT. UNDER THE BRIDGE- LOW ANGLE 142

The taxi cab just as it's heaved over the side. Both Frank and the taxi come crashing down straight towards us as we:

SLAM-CUT TO:

143 INT. MISSISSIPPI RIVER - UNDERWATER 143

We watch Skippy's taxi cab sink deeper and deeper into the muddy waters of the Mississippi river. As the Cab's depth increases, the sunlight from above decreases.

144 EXT. SKIPPY'S TAXICAB - UNDERWATER 144

We can see Frank desperately struggling to get out from under the steering wheel, but it's no use. After a few minutes, Frank finally just gives up, stops struggling and accepts his doom with an almost hardboiled indifference. Frank isn't breathing air anymore, he's breathing water --- the strange thing is, is that it seems to be fine. It's as if the water has turned into a breathable atmosphere.

As the cab continues to plunge down towards the bottom, Frank relaxes behind the wheel and watches the murky water filtering out the light into a liquidy pitch black darkness.

When the car finally touches down on the river's bottom, it's almost pitch black.

145 <u>FRANK'S PSYCHOTRONIC SLOW-MOTION NIGHTMARE:</u> 145

(The entire dream montage has the liquidy slow-motion aspect to it --- as if everything were underwater.)

146 1.) INT. SKIPPY'S TAXICAB - NIGHT 146

Frank switches on the taxi's headlights --- and their beams reveal that the taxi has actually landed in the right lane of a black top highway. Frank starts the taxi cab's engine and then turns on the radio. The Ink Spots haunting classic "We Three" softly drones out over the airwaves --- (the music continues throughout the nightmare). Putting the car into gear, Frank then hits the gas and begins drifting down that black highway.

147 2.) EXT. ROUTE #44 - NIGHT 147

The taxi cab glides past an old road-sign which reads "Route#44" and then cruises on down the road. As the cab passes, an opened road map drifts out of the passenger window and floats towards us as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED: 147

3.) CLOSE ON A GROUP OF FIVE SMILING FIREMEN standing in front of an illuminated sign which reads: "Beneficial Pharmaceutical Corporation --- We make good drugs for good people." The sign is in flames. The Smiling Fireman are waving "hello" to us as they sway to the music.

WIDEN TO REVEAL

148 4.) EXT. BENEFICIAL PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY - NIGHT 148

A massive refinery-type complex being consumed by flames. Huge storage tanks filled with ether and nitrous oxide exploding into a spectral haze of green vapor that blankets the entire scene. FIREMEN, PARAMEDICS and POLICEMEN everywhere --- all of them are smiling, swaying to the music and waving "hello" to us.

CLOSE ON FRANK: Standing by himself, next to the cab and just across the highway from the blaze --- taking in the whole surreal scene. He looks to his left and suddenly finds himself standing next to "The Munsters" TV show version of SATAN. Satan is sitting on top of an old burro. He looks destitute and miserable. Frank pulls out two wallet-size photos of Ringo and Felix, shows them to Satan.

FRANK
Have you seen these men?

SATAN
(thick Mexican accent)
Yes --- but you are too late, Senor. We are both too late.

Satan lets loose a creepy, anesthetic LAUGH and then -- POOF! -- disappears in an incandescent cloud of purple smoke as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

149 5.) EXT./INT. SKIPPY'S TAXI CAB - DAY 149

Frank drives up the highway to the top of a hill that rises above the surrounding landscape and sees something strange in the distance --- a giant, jagged edged, black hole in the blue sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

150 6.) EXT. CLIFF DWELLING - DAY 150

This is place where Ringo and Felix attacked the heavens. Above us there is only the blackness of the void.

Frank walks into frame and scans the area. He sees something strange lying on the ground: the porcelain harp of a little Cherub It is painted in gold and stained with blood. (It's the same harp he saw here before). Frank couches down, picks up the harp, considers it for a moment.

Frank then rises to his feet and is about to resume his stride when he suddenly sees a VULTURE swim out of the canyon below carrying the bloody porcelain wings of an angel in it's beak. As the vulture passes over him, a few droplets of blood fall onto his face. MOVING with Frank as he hesitantly approaches the edge of the cliff, looks down into the canyon below and sees --- A HOLOCAUST OF DEAD ANGELS --- thousands of them piled on top of

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED: 150

each other --- their porcelain carcasses cracked beyond repair --- inside the carcasses, rotting flesh, blood and organs --- all of which are being picked away by HUNDREDS OF VULTURES.

POV FRANK: We watch one of the vultures pluck the heart from the chest of an angel, swim up and out of the canyon and then disappear into the void above --- AND THEN THERE IS ONLY THE BLACKNESS AS WE:

CUT TO:

151 THE CAMERA PULLING OUT OF THE BLACK PUPIL OF AN UNMOVING EYE AND WIDENS TO REVEAL: 151

152 7.) EXT. ROADSIDE ATTRACTION - DAY. 152

A dead, heavy-set INDIAN sprawled out in a pool of drying blood. The Indian's head has been smashed in by a sledgehammer. On the ground next to the Indian are several other skullcrushed tourists--- all of them lying around the base of a colossal HUNDRED FOOT CROSS.

A GIANT SIGN reads: "SEE THE STATE'S LARGEST WEEPING JESUS ON THE CROSS!" Frank slowly walks up, surveys the macabre scene. He glances up at the cross -- it is still unoccupied. On the ground, right near the base of the cross, Frank sees the SHREDDED ROPE, the GIANT THORNY CROWN and THREE HUGE BLOODIED NAILS scattered about. Frank looks slowly off to his left.

POV FRANK: Way, way off in the distance we see a FUCKING IMMENSE JESUS CHRIST running away into the grassy hills and plains. There's an almost a sprightly "free at last" character to his stride. Jesus suddenly stops, turns, smiles at Frank, and gives him TWO BIG "THUMBS UP" before turning back, continuing over a hill into the horizon, disappearing from view.

THE CAMERA SLOWLY PANS WITH FRANK as he turns back to the cross. Ringo and Felix suddenly appear in a poof of orange smoke. They are standing on either side of the cross and greet Frank with pathological smiles. Their skin color is now wicked-witch green, like in an old technicolor movie.

RINGO
Mahalo!

FELIX
(hissing)
You always knew it was going to be like this.

Felix suddenly starts making a high-pitched sound with his voice --- clearly trying to mimic the "EEEEEE" sound using his vocal chords. Ringo GIGGLES and then starts making the "EEEEE" sound himself.

The cross suddenly starts to slowly rotate --- but after making one revolution, the base of the giant crucifix comes off it's axis and the whole thing begins to fall like a tree that's just been cut down.

POV FRANK: Looking up at the massive cross as it plunges down towards us, like a hammer being dropped. Frank starts to SCREAM like a man gone insane. Ringo and Felix's "EEEEEE" sound begins to melt into the real "EEEEEE" sound of a worm attack.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED: 152

FRANK'S NIGHTMARE MONTAGE ENDS AS THE CROSS SLAMS INTO US --- AND WE:

SLAM CUT TO:

153 INT. RIVERBOAT - FOREDECK PRISONER HOLD - TWILIGHT 153

TIGHT ON FRANK: A sudden convulsion into consciousness, his eyes opening, his head jerking up, gasping for air. Frank is in the middle of a massive worm attack. TWO MEN SUDDENLY ENTER THE FRAME, take hold of Frank, flip him over on his stomach and then hold him down. A THIRD MAN THEN ENTERS THE FRAME --- he's got a broken bottle in his hand. None of these men are wearing a shirt and you can see --- each of them has a big fucking worm on their back.

THIRD MAN
Hold him down tight.

The Third Man moves in and using the sharp-edge of the bottle, makes a deep incision at the base of Frank's spine. He then takes out a half-empty ampule of mendragon and pours the liquid into the incision. Frank's worm attack quickly subsides and the Two Men let go of him.

We can HEAR the muffled, CHUG CHUG of the engine, the liquid MUTTER of the water pushing by and ECHOING MUSIC --- the whimsical Afro-Cuban stylings of Antonio Machin.

Frank slowly turns over --- totally disoriented --- trying to come to his senses and assess the situation.

POV FRANK: He's been imprisoned in a cage-like prisoner hold of a rotting, rinky-dink, RIVERBOAT. The cage is situated on the boat's foredeck --- it's a make-shift construction consisting of rusty bars, rotting wood and a tin roof. There is no electricity, just kerosene lamps --- their flickering lights illuminating the faces and figures of the TWENTY ONE OTHER WORMBACKS that are also incarcerated in this floating lockup --- all of them have been stripped of their shirts and shoes.

Peering out through the bars, Frank can see the moonlit landscape drifting on by as the boat makes its passage up the dark waters of the Mississippi River. Frank then looks up and sees the shadowy figure of the Third Man standing before him, his face remaining obscured in the darkness.

FRANK
Where the fuck am I? What's happened?

THIRD MAN
You've been captured by headhunters and are now being ferried up river to a worm colony.

FRANK
Headhunters?

THIRD MAN
Vultures --- who make their living by catching wormbacks and delivering them to the colonies up river. (beat) They got me down in Baton Rouge --- about two and a half days ago.

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED:

FRANK
And me?

THIRD MAN
They found you earlier today --- you were lying unconscious on a riverbank --- just outside of Memphis ---

The Third Man steps into the dim glow of the lantern and reveals himself to Frank. He is a barrel chested man with a face like a requiem and his name is SYKES, FREDDY SKYES.

SYKES
How do you feel?

FRANK
Better ---
(picks up empty ampule off floor)
But I could still use a little more of the mend ---

SYKES
Sorry friend, that was the last of it. The headhunters, they give us just enough to keep us quiet until we reach the colonies --- but they just ran dry.

FRANK
(exasperated)
Fuck me.

There is a sudden MURMUR among the other wormbacks --- all of whom start moving over to the portside of the cage, their attention drawn by eerie lights coming from the riverbank.

FRANK (cont'd)
What is it? What's going on?

SYKES
(staring out with the rest)
We're coming up on Colony #5.

Frank follows everyone's gaze and sees WORM COLONY #5: A massive concentration camp-like complex situated along the river banks. Surrounding the perimeter of the camp is a huge electrified fence. Standing in front of this fence are literally thousands of WORMBACKS, all of them men ---- they look out onto the river and every few seconds one of the Wormbacks takes a step forward, grabs a hold of the electrified fence and fries himself to death.

Frank is horror-struck.

FRANK
Is this where they're taking us?

SYKES
No. We're all being taken up to Colony #9.

FRANK
My God --- it's hell on earth...

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED: 153

The riverboat rounds a bend and the Worm Colony suddenly disappears from sight. Frank looks as though he's going to be sick --- clearly still in a great deal of pain.

SYKES
(extends a hand to Frank)
You should get on your feet and move around --- you need to get your blood circulating if you want the mend to last.

Frank takes Sykes' hand and rises to his feet. He walks the perimeter of the cage --- giving everything the once over. Most of the Wormbacks are in too much pain to do anything but just lie there curled up in a fetal position.

Looking out on deck, Frank can see THREE HEADHUNTERS quietly talking while they share a cigar. They are all filthy black-tattooed men --- each armed with either a cruddy old revolver or an old Army M1 assault rifle.

FRANK
(motioning to Headhunters)
How many of them are there on this boat?

SYKES
Six or seven.

FRANK
Are they all armed?

SYKES
Yes.

FRANK
And when are we due to arrive at this colony #9?

SYKES
I think around dawn.

Frank makes his way over to the darkest corner of the cage, Sykes follows him. Frank looks around furtively, unstraps his belt and flips it over so that the inside's facing up --- there is a sheath sewn into the inner-side of the belt and a curved, eight-inch "frisk knife" in the sheath.

SYKES (cont'd)
(whispers)
What are you doing!?

FRANK
I need to get to St. Louis.

SYKES
St. Louis!? Listen friend, you'll never make it to shore alive let alone St. Louis.

FRANK
Oh, and why is that?

153 CONTINUED: 153

SYKES
Cause if those Headhunters don't get you --
(gestures to the riverbanks)
You better believe, those gators will.

Frank follows Sykes glare to the riverbank and sees hundreds of ALLIGATORS, reptilian battleships, big enough to swallow a family of four --- slithering in and out of the water.

FRANK
But you see, I'm not going to jump this ship ---

SYKES
You're not?

Frank unsheaths the knife and gives Sykes a bloodthirsty glare as we:

CUT TO:

154 INT. RIVERBOAT - BRIDGE - A FEW MINUTES LATER 154

There are no walls just a frame, a tin roof and the veil of mosquito netting through which we see the murky backwaters of the Mississippi sliding past us. NAPOLEON, the steersman, sits in front the controls and pilots the boat.

CAPTAIN ERNESTO POSADA, a gordo-gutted Cuban with a jack-o'-lantern face, sits jacked up behind the navigation desk. He wears a swollen pair of Spanish wrap-around sunglasses and is smoking a cigar-sized joint.

CAPTAIN ERNESTO
Napo ---

NAPOLEON
Si Capitan.

CAPTAIN ERNESTO
(passing joint to Napo)
Did you know -- that pink, is the navy blue of India?

NAPOLEON
No Capitan, I did not know this.

Napoleon takes an inhumane toke off the bomber.

CAPTAIN ERNESTO
And why did you not know this?

NAPOLEON
(exhales with a big smile)
Because Capitan, I'm a bog-trotting asshole baby from Equador ---

CAPTAIN ERNESTO
(big shit-eating grin)
That's right and it is very bad luck to be born out of your mother's asshole...

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED: 154

Both the Captain and Napoleon explode with wild LAUGHTER --- but this Laughter is quickly extinguished by the SOUND of MEN SCREAMING and GUNFIRE. And before either of them have time to react --- Frank is on the bridge, covered in blood --- he has a M1 in one hand and a revolver in the other --- one pointed at the Captain, the other at Napoleon. Freddy Sykes and a few other Wormbacks, right behind him --- all armed with guns.

FRANK
Which one of you is the captain of this headhunting vessel?

NAPOLEON
(pointing)
He is.

On that note Frank blows Napoleon away with the revolver. He then walks over to Ernesto, stands him up and frisks him down.

FRANK
What's your name?

CAPTAIN ERNESTO
Posada. Capitan Ernesto Posada.

FRANK
Well, Posada, I've just scragged your entire crew and if you don't want me to end your days in a bloody flux --- then do as I say.

CAPTAIN ERNESTO
What is it you want?

FRANK
I want you to take me to St. Louis.

SYKES
We'll never make it to St. Louis unless we get fixed with some more mendragon. Without the mend, you won't even make it through the night.

FRANK
Well, what about it, Captain?

Ernesto says nothing. Frank puts the gun's muzzle in Ernesto's eye.

FRANK
Listen poofter, if I don't make it, neither will you.

Frank cocks the revolver's hammer back --- Ernesto snaps under the weight.

CAPTAIN ERNESTO
Colony #7 is the only place along the river to get what you need --- there is a man there, he is a wormback like you --- he controls all of the mendragon that moves into the colonies.

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED: 154

FRANK
How far is it from here?

CAPTAIN ERNESTO
Three hours ---

FRANK
Get me there in two.

CUT TO:

155 EXT. SUSPENSION BRIDGE - NIGHT 155

The ruinous aftermath of the vehicular showdown between the heretics and Frank. Shattered, shot, smashed cars strewn about the bridge, and below the bridge in the river. A few emergency vehicles.

156 EXT. RIVERBANK BELOW THE BRIDGE - NIGHT 156

Angelica watches as Skippy's taxi is winched out of the water by a tow truck. It is wrecked beyond ruin --- water gushes out of the cab's mangled body as it is finally pulled onto dry land.

Angelica anxiously eyes the cab, you can see that she's afraid of what she might find inside. She nods to the TOW-TRUCK DRIVER to check it out. The Tow-Trucker approaches the wreck and sticks his head through both the front and backseat windows --- he turns to Angelica.

TOW TRUCK DRIVER
No bodies in this car ---

ANGELICA
You're sure?

TOW TRUCK DRIVER
Come see for yourself.

MOVING with Angelica as she approaches the cab and looks inside.

POV ANGELICA: Looking around the wreck, our attention quickly ZOOMING IN on Frank's commando bag.

Angelica reaches into the car, pulls out the bag, carries it over to her own car and then opens it on the hood. Inside she finds Frank's stash of weapons and ammo, Ringo and Felix's dossiers, the map and Frank's notebook. Angelica grabs the notebook and opens it up to a paper-clipped page --- the old photo of Felix and Madelyne is clipped to the page --- under the photo are Frank's hand-scrawled notes which read: "Felix, Madelyne and Felix's dad in St.Louis." -- "Alfred Crowley, 233 Walden Drive, St. Louis"

Dust, debris and vegetation kick up, stirred by a great wind from above. A sudden BURST of ROTOR ROAR and PROP WASH.

Angelica looks up and sees a BLACK HUEY descending. She quickly closes the notebook and puts it in her purse.

The Huey lands on the road above the riverbank and kills its engines. The Huey's door slides open --- Langerman and Quimby jump out and approach.

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED: 156

LANGERMAN
Fraulein. Have you found his body?

ANGELICA
(gesturing to cab)
No, but that's the car he was driving.

Langerman walks over to the cab and inspects it.

LANGERMAN
How did it happen?

ANGELICA
He was rammed off the bridge by the priests.

LANGERMAN
Did you recover anything from the vehicle?

ANGELICA
This tactical bag was the only thing I found.

Langerman makes his way back to Angelica's car, opens the bag, examines its contents and then hands it to Quimby.

SUB-DIRECTOR QUIMBY
Tragic, isn't it? That in the end, Frank lost his one chance at eternal salvation because of a lack of horsepower.

LANGERMAN
I find it more agitating than tragic --- that this lack of horsepower prevented Herr Doyle from eliminating his targets.

SUB-DIRECTOR QUIMBY
Yes, I see your point --- who knew killing priests could be so costly?
(yodels)
Not me.

ANGELICA
This isn't about the priests anymore, it's about an orange fanny pack.

Neither Langerman nor Quimby say anything, they just wait for Angelica to continue.

ANGELICA
The Council made contact with Frank earlier today ---

LANGERMAN
Where?

ANGELICA
A church confessional.

SUB-DIRECTOR QUIMBY
You were privy to this exchange?

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED: 156

ANGELICA
Only to part of it ---

LANGERMAN
What did they say?

ANGELICA
They told Frank that they didn't care whether or not he killed the heretics --- they just wanted him to retrieve the orange fanny pack and return it to them unopened.

LANGERMAN
And did the Council offer any explanation as to why they want this --- finback?

ANGELICA
They would only say that it contains something which the priests stole from them --- something which they consider to be infinitely more dangerous than the heretics themselves.

Langerman suddenly turns and stares out at the Mississippi --- lost in deep thought.

SUB-DIRECTOR QUIMBY
Tell me Fraulein, what was Frank's reaction to this sudden change in directives?

ANGELICA
Frank's reaction?

Angelica pensively takes out a cigarette and lights it up.

ANGELICA (cont'd)
He got himself killed ---

LANGERMAN
(excitedly interrupting)
This is it, Quimby. This is the big one ---

SUB-DIRECTOR QUIMBY
What is?

LANGERMAN
This orange fanny pack is the opportunity we have been waiting for. It is the solution to our problems with Cartekker and his Council.

SUB-DIRECTOR QUIMBY
It is? Really? Why? What's inside of it?

LANGERMAN
(interrupting)
It does not matter, all that matters is that the fanny pack is what they fear --- and if the Syndicate were to acquire it then they would fear us. Yes, the orange fanny pack is our key to controlling not only the Council but perhaps even the

(MORE) (CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED: 156

LANGERMAN (cont'd)
various religions which they represent.
(forceful declaration)
We must have the orange fanny pack!

SUB-DIRECTOR QUIMBY
(war cry)
Jawohl, mein führer! Jawohl!

LANGERMAN
This directive is to be given priority over all others. I want all Syndicate personnel alerted and mobilized --- all of our resources redirected --- everything dedicated to finding the priests and getting the fanny pack. The clerics, they haven't had enough time to get too far --- cover everything within a five hundred mile radius of this location --- is that clear, Sub-Director?

SUB-DIRECTOR QUIMBY
Jawohl, mein führer! Jawohl!

ANGELICA
What do you want me to do?

SUB-DIRECTOR QUIMBY
Taste yourself woman. Taste yourself often and in the presence of others. Know what it is to be gauche.

And with that Quimby takes Frank's bag and skips off towards the Huey, then signals the pilot to start the engines.

LANGERMAN
(ignoring Quimby)
Go back to central office and wait --- we still have much to discuss.

Langerman follows Quimby back into the chopper. The Huey lifts off and flies away. Angelica opens her purse and takes a second look at the photo in Frank's notebook --- her sights ZOOMING IN on Frank's notation: **"Felix, Madelyne and Felix's dad in St.Louis." -- "Alfred Crowley, 233 Walden Drive, St. Louis"**

Angelica looks up from the notebook with a new-found resolve in her eyes as we:

CUT TO:

157 EXT. RIVER - NIGHT 157

A LONG SHOT OF THE RIVER BOAT anchored off the banks of a small cove along a quiet tributary.

CUT TO:

158 INT. RIVERBOAT - CARGO HOLD - NIGHT 158

Frank, along with four other wormbacks, is situated below deck in the boat's cargo hold.

158 CONTINUED: 158

Three Wormbacks situated on the deck above carefully lower the last of twenty-four drums of diesel fuel through a large hatch and down into the cargo hold. Frank positions it with the rest of the drums which have been clustered together in a circle.

FRANK
Is that all of them?

WORMBACK
That's it.

FRANK
(waving them out)
All of you get back up on deck --- and have Sykes bring the captain.

The four wormbacks climb back up to the foredeck. Frank starts unscrewing the caps off of each of the drums so that the fuel is exposed as we:

CUT TO:

159 EXT. RIVER BARGE - FOREDECK - NIGHT 159

Frank, along with the rest of the wormbacks, have assembled on the boat's foredeck by the cargo hold hatch. Frank and a few of the others are now wearing shirts and shoes, the rest remain the same.

Sykes ushers Captain Ernesto over to the rest.

FRANK
(motioning to cargo hold hatch)
Have yourself a peek at the cargo hold.

Ernesto hunches over the hatch, peers down into the hold and sees the twenty-four opened drums of fuel.

Using a flashlight, Frank directs Ernesto's attention to the large ten gallon water bottle situated on top of the center fuel drum. The bottle is filled with a thick purple liquid --- a flare-gun has been mounted at the top of the bottle --- the gun's barrel duct-taped into the bottle's mouth.

FRANK
You see that, Captain?
(points to liquid in bottle)
The liquid in the bottle is one part gasoline, one part soap --- it's what the natives call napalm. And the napalm is ignited by that flare-gun.
(locks eyes with Ernesto)
You've got exactly one hour from the time you and I step off this boat. One hour to get us in and out of this place with the mendragon and without incident ---
(nods to Sykes)
Now, Sykes here is going to be down there with his finger on the trigger and if anything funny happens --- if anyone other than you or me tries to board this boat, he's gonna pull that trigger and this vessel of yours is history.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED: 159

SYKES
(gets into Ernesto's face)
We won't be taken alive, Captain.
Understand?

Ernesto nods "yes" as we:

CUT TO:

160 INT. RIVERBOAT - BRIDGE - LATER THAT NIGHT 160

Frank stands next to Ernesto and watches as he pilots his boat into the riverside harbor of a military installation. The Captain slowly moves the vessel towards a long dock at the end of which there is a large terminal-type building. Situated on top of this building: an illuminated billboard which reads: "Welcome to Quarantine Zone #7".

Looking behind the terminal building, Frank can see the outside of the colony itself. There are three massive perimeter walls that are surrounded by an electrified perimeter fence --- SHARPSHOOTERS posted in guard towers, spotlights, German shepherds on patrol --- there's no doubt about it, this is the outside of a death camp.

The powerful beam of a spotlight suddenly hits the boat and the AMPLIFIED VOICE OF A MAN talking through a bullhorn is HEARD.

AMPLIFIED VOICE O.S.
Posada, is that you?

CAPTAIN ERNESTO
(yells as loud as he can)
Yeah. I need to see the man about the mend. I'm all dry ---

AMPLIFIED VOICE O.S.
(after a long pause)
Kill your engines, drop anchor and ship-to-shore it in from there.

Frank can see that Ernesto looks a little surprised, like he wasn't expecting it to be that easy.

CUT TO:

161 EXT. WORM COLONY #7 - DOCK - NIGHT 161

Frank and Ernesto row up to the dock in a small dingy. TWO COLONY GUARDS are there to greet them. They follow the Guards down the dock and into the Colonist Processing Terminal.

162 INT. COLONIST PROCESSING TERMINAL - NIGHT 162

The Guards lead Frank and Ernesto through an ominous looking structure specifically designed to efficiently process hundreds of wormbacks into the colony.

All four men are BUZZED through an armored door upon which the words "Authorized Personnel Only" are stenciled as we:

CUT TO:

163 INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT 163

Frank and Ernesto are ushered into a small locker room and directed to the equipment booth behind which sits the PROVISION CHIEF. Behind the Chief, two huge steel racks whose shelves are lined with thousands of ampules filled with MENDRAGON.

CHIEF
What do you say there, Posada?

CAPTAIN ERNESTO
I need one hundred amps of the mend.

CHIEF
(caustic smile)
One hundred amps. Sounds like you're carrying a heavy load.

The Chief reaches under the counter, pulls out two white BIOLOGICAL WARFARE SUITS with the word "Visitor" stenciled across their chests, and hands them over to Frank and Ernesto.

CAPTAIN ERNESTO
What the fuck is this?

CHIEF
Jack wants to have a word with you and your friend here.

CAPTAIN ERNESTO
(flustered and scared)
What!? Why does Jack want to see me!?

EQUIPMENT CHIEF
Ok, I'm sure it's nothing --- now come on Captain, you know the drill, strip-down to the skin and suit up.
(to Frank)
You too.

Frank and Ernesto exchange a quick "oh shit" look because the locker and changing area are in full view of the Chief.

Frank and Ernesto walk over to the lockers, whispering to each other.

FRANK
What the fuck's going on here, Captain?

CAPTAIN ERNESTO
Jack wants to see us.

FRANK
Who the fuck is Jack?

CAPTAIN ERNESTO
He is the man I told you about. He is who I work for. He's who we all work for.

FRANK
Look, you know I can't strip---

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED: 163

CAPTAIN ERNESTO
You haven't got a choice. It's either do it or die.

Frank can see the Chief and Guards are keeping a close eye on them. He takes a deep breath and begins to strip --- his shoes, pants, underwear and when he comes to his shirt he turns around and conceals his back by positioning it as close to the locker as possible. The Captain is right next to him and follows suit --- both men scared shitless as we:

CUT TO:

164 EXT. WORM COLONY #7 - ENTRANCE GATE - NIGHT 164

Frank and Ernesto, clad in their white bio-war suits, are sitting in the backseat of a jeep that's being driven through the entrance gates of Worm Colony #7.

MOVING with the jeep as it enters what from the outside appears to be a death camp ---

165 INT. WORM COLONY #7 - NIGHT 165

They emerge into what appears to be a posh tropical resort. The driveway is lined with palms trees, exotic flowers and perfectly manicured lawns. The jeep passes a directional signpost which reads: "Golf Course and Tennis Club, next right".

FRANK
(voice projected through a little amplifier in the mask)
What the fuck is this place?

CAPTAIN ERNESTO
(voice also projected through amp)
The privileged --- this is the colony where the privileged come to die.

We HEAR the swanked-out overture to Rene Touzet's "One Mint Julep".

CUT TO:

166 INT. WORM COLONY #7 - MAIN LOBBY - NIGHT 166

The Colony Guards usher Frank and Ernesto into the exquisitely designed and sumptuously appointed lobby of an unbelievably chic hotel/resort.

The whole place is brimming with the jet set action of a swank Monte Carlo Casino on New Year's Eve. PRIVILEGED WORMBACKS (or COLONISTS) everywhere. Elegant and handsome GENTLEMEN --- all in black tie, gliding across the tiled floor with martinis in one hand and cigarettes in the other --- making their way from the lounge to the casino. Ravishing and voluptuous LADIES prancing about in exquisite gowns -- all GIGGLES and smiles --- making their way from the dining room to the opium den. Scattered amongst these beautiful people, the COLONY STAFF, all of whom are wearing white bio-war suits and whose function in the Colony is stenciled in red letters across their chest.

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED: 166

A SILVER-HAIRED GENTLEMAN with a SEXY LITTLE STRUMPET on his arm, struts past Frank and Ernesto --- when suddenly he gets hit with a massive worm attack and collapses to the floor in convulsions. But no one seems to care, least of all the Strumpet --- who just grabs the arm of ANOTHER MAN as TWO COLONY CAREGIVERS swiftly descend upon her former companion. One Caregiver holds him down while the other pulls out a vermifuge, injects the Silver-haired Gentleman in the back. The worm attack quickly subsides, the Caregivers help the Gentleman to his feet and he resumes his strut as if nothing happened.

As the Guards lead Frank and the Captain through the lobby, we see the same worm attack routine happen several times --- the only variation being that when A FAT LADY clad in a sequinned mumu, dies from her worm attack, the area around her is quickly cordoned off with orange cones by TWO COLONY MAINTENANCE WORKERS. A THIRD COLONY MAINTENANCE WORKER, with a flame-thrower strapped to his back, comes in and torches her body --- cremating the woman right there on the spot. All the while, no one seems to notice or care. No one, except Frank, who is tripping out on this perverse spectacle of death and indulgence.

CUT TO:

167 EXT. WORM COLONY - TROPICAL GARDENS - NIGHT 167

MOVING with Frank and Ernesto as the Colony Guards usher them along a torch-lit path that snakes its way through a lush tropical garden. Looking over towards the pool area, Frank can see TWO COLONY MAINTENANCE WORKERS fishing the body of a man out of the water. He looks to his right and sees the intertwined shadows of TWO PEOPLE HAVING SEX next to a koi pond filled with two more dead wormbacks.

FRANK
This place is unreal --- I mean, it's fucking satanic.

CAPTAIN ERNESTO
This place is only a reflection of the man that runs it. (beat) Look around and you will see, it's a Jack Jones world.

FRANK
This Jack Jones...how long has he had his grip on things?

CAPTAIN ERNESTO
Must be close to eight years now.

Frank suddenly stops Ernesto.

FRANK
That's impossible. No wormback could survive that long---

The Captain says nothing, just slips Frank a snakey grin. One of the Guards pushes Frank forward.

COLONY GUARD #1
Move.

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED: 167

FRANK
(resuming his stride)
Where are they taking us?

CAPTAIN ERNESTO
To the movies.

CUT TO:

168 A MICROSCOPIC VIEW OF A SERIES OF MOVING IMAGES: 168

(The images should have the dated, low-fi feel of stock footage from a medical school)

1.) BLOOD CELLS REPRODUCING THEMSELVES

2.) BLOOD CIRCULATING THROUGH THE ARTERIES

3.) WHITE BLOOD CELLS ATTACKING A VIRUS

4.) A HUMAN HEART PUMPING

The moving images of human life, as seen up close and from the inside, continue in an endless stream as the CAMERA SLOWLY BEGINS PULLING BACK --- revealing ---

169 INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT 169

The images are being projected onto a giant screen of a large movie theater. THE CAMERA CONTINUES TO PULL BACK to reveal that the theater is occupied by only one man --- a small, gangly old man with a face like a switchblade --- MISTER JACK JONES.

Jones is situated in the middle of the auditorium, clad only in a pair of silk pajama bottoms. Jones is positioned in a chair that has been specially designed to recline forward --- it looks like he's sitting backwards on a chaise lounge. He sits this way so that there is no pressure on his exposed back which is completely covered by the largest, most disgusting worm you've even seen. There is a large IV-rack stationed on either side of Jones --- and there are fifty IV-bags filled with mendragon hanging on each rack --- a total of one hundred IV-tubes, all of them feeding directly into the worm.

An ARMED BODYGUARD stands on either side of him.

Frank and Ernesto are escorted into the theater by the two Colony Guards. Jones greets them with an unconscious smile and an elegant British accent that's slurred just enough to make it sound dreamy.

JACK JONES
Come, gentlemen ---
(gesturing them over)
Come, gentlemen, and enjoy the spectacle.

The Colony Guards herd Frank and Ernesto over and sit them down in the chairs located on either side of Jones. There are now two guards on each man.

JACK JONES (cont'd)
So, tell me everything, Captain --- what brings you to my little place in the sun this evening?

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED: 169

CAPTAIN ERNESTO
I just stopped in to get fixed with some mendragon, Jack. That's all ---

JACK JONES
Oh yes, that's right --- you placed an order with the chief --- 100 amps.--- Well, now Captain, that's an unusually tall order for a small timer such as yourself. Yes, I understand that your demand for the mend has grown substantially over the past few months.
(raised eye-brow)
Business must be good.

CAPTAIN ERNESTO
(stammers)
No. No, not really. To be honest with you, Jack, things could be better ---

JACK JONES
Really? That's surprising. I've heard that you've been doing quite well
(pointed)
for yourself that is.

CAPTAIN ERNESTO
What do you mean?

JACK JONES
Well, it seems that your first mate, Napoleon, along with several other members of your crew, made it known to certain parties, that you've been skimming wormbacks off my count and selling them up the river.

CAPTAIN ERNESTO
WHAT!? Those pigs were lying, Jack --- you've got to believe me.

JACK JONES
Well, Captain, if we hadn't just found Napoleon and the rest of your crew, floating dead in the waters near Colony #5 --- I would've been willing to give you the benefit of the doubt.
(turns to Guard to his left)
Have they searched the Captain's boat yet?

COLONY GUARD
No sir, but they are on their way.

CAPTAIN ERNESTO
I didn't do it, Jack --- I swear ---
(points to Frank)
He did it --- he killed them all and took over my boat ---
(jabbering uncontrollably)
He's a wormback, Jack --- he killed Napo --- he and the rest of the wormbacks, they are the reason I need so much of the mend --- Please! You must tell your men not to board my boat --- the wormbacks, they've got a bomb and they will set it off if

(MORE) (CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED: 169

CAPTAIN ERNESTO (cont'd)
anyone tries to board my vessel --- Please Jack, you've got to believe me.

You can see that Jack isn't buying a word of it. He just lets loose a sinister LAUGH and turns his attention back to the screen.

JACK JONES (cont'd)
(gesturing to the screen)
Miraculous, isn't it? When observed from this vantage point --- the natural suddenly becomes supernatural. These images, they comfort me. All I have to do is look and I know that there must be a God.(beat) Yes, as the worm brings me closer to my Maker, I find myself becoming increasingly obsessed with the magnificence of what He has created.
(turns to look at Ernesto)
You don't understand these things now, but in time you will learn as I have learned. The worm will teach you.

Two of the Guards grab Ernesto and hold him down tight,.while the fourth guard keeps Frank held at gunpoint. The third guard suddenly produces a large syringe --- Ernesto watches in horror as the guard sticks the needle into the heart of the worm on Jack's back and withdraws enough of the worm's blood to fill the entire vile.

JACK JONES (cont'd)
Yes, my worm will teach you as it has taught me.

CAPTAIN ERNESTO
No, Jack --- Please!

The Guard then pulls the syringe out of Jack's back and approaches Ernesto.

JACK JONES
Don't be afraid Posada --- you must learn to embrace death for only in death does life truly become beautiful.

CAPTAIN ERNESTO
Please, Jack --- I'm sorry for cheating you. I'm sorry for everything ---

JACK JONES
No, you're not --- your repentance is not so much regret for the ills you have done as fear of the ill that you're about to receive in consequence.

The Third Guard stabs the Captain in the heart with the syringe and injects him with the worm. Ernesto SCREAMS in agony and then passes out cold. Jack turns back to the screen.

JACK JONES (cont'd)
Take him away.

As the guards pick up Ernesto, the distant RUMBLE of a MASSIVE EXPLOSION is suddenly HEARD. Jack and the Guards exchange curious looks.

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED: 169

COLONY GUARD #1
What do you think it is?

FRANK
It's the sound of the Captain's vessel being blown into oblivion.

Jack turns to Frank and gives him a curious look. He then picks up the phone by his side and dials a number.

JACK JONES
What was that explosion I just heard?

Jack gets his answer and hangs up the phone --- his curious look has turned into a curious smile.

JACK JONES (cont'd)
(gesturing to guards)
Show me his back.

The Guards tear Frank's bio-war suit off and expose his worm covered back to Jack --- who is duly impressed by its size and shape.

JACK JONES (cont'd)
So, Posada wasn't lying!? You killed his entire crew, took over his boat and then used the threat of a bomb to force him here for mendragon?

FRANK
Aye.

JACK JONES
I don't understand? Why? Why put off the inevitable? What's the point of escaping when you have so little time left?

FRANK
I need to get to St. Louis.

JACK JONES
St. Louis? What's in St. Louis?

FRANK
The truth.

JACK JONES
The truth about what?

FRANK
My faith.

JACK JONES
Are you talking about your faith in God or your faith in man? Because I can tell you from experience, that you won't find the kind of truth you're looking for in the abstract --- you'll find it here in the thick of it, in the meat of things.
(gesturing to the screen)
You'll find it in the blood.

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED: 169

FRANK
Is that a fact?

JACK JONES
As far as I'm concerned it is.

Frank looks at the screen, watches the images of blood for a few moments and then looks at Jack.

FRANK
(pointed)
Is that why you're still here?

JACK JONES
(snaps)
What do you mean by that?

FRANK
I mean, look at this place, look at yourself ---
(gesturing to racks of mendragon and surroundings)
You haven't learned how to face death, you've just learned how to cheat it.

In a great swell of fury, Jack sits up and squares off with Frank. The racks of mendragon shaking and RATTLING with his rage.

The Guards on either side of Frank prime their guns and point them at Frank --- fingers on the trigger.

JACK JONES
(slow, seething rage)
Who the fuck do you think you are to say that to ME!?

FRANK
I'm a man, the same as you --- a bad man that's afraid to die.

The two men share a fleeting moment of solidarity in each other's eyes --- they understand each other. They are brothers-in-arms.

JACK JONES
This truth you seek, what do you think it's going to do for you? Can the truth deliver you from the shadow of death?

FRANK
No.(beat) No man gets away from his reckoning, but with the truth, he can at least learn how to embrace it.

JACK JONES
(after a long beat)
I hope you're right.

FRANK
Yeah --- I do, too.

Jack lays back down and returns his gaze to the screen.

169 CONTINUED: 169

JACK JONES (cont'd)
Give this man anything he asks for and then take him to St. Louis.

COLONY GUARD #1
Yes sir.

THE CAMERA WIPES INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE THEATER as we:

CUT TO:

170 EXT. INTERSTATE ROUTE #11 - NIGHT 170

WIPE OUT OF DARKNESS TO REVEAL THREE SYNDICATE CHOPPERS flying above Route #11, one right behind the other. The Choppers are on an aerial recon mission --- they methodically rake every car on the road and the surrounding landscape with their xenon spotlights.

PILOT #2 VIA RADIO V.O.
Overthruster one to Command ---

171 INT. COMMAND SYNDICATE CHOPPER - NIGHT 171

The Command Chopper is the leader of the group. The black Huey is occupied by TWO MACHINE GUNNERS in the rear, the PILOT up front and stationed in the co-pilot's seat, Sub-Director Quimby with a road map in his hand.

PILOT #1 VIA RADIO V.O.
This is Command, go ahead one..

PILOT #2 VIA RADIO
We've been sweeping Route #11 all night. Don't you think we should try covering another Interstate?

PILOT #1
That's a Negative --- intelligence has advised that primary target is proceeding along designated route.

Quimby's eyes suddenly lock onto something --- an ORANGE VEHICLE about a mile up the road. Quimby looks through a pair of binoculars and smiles.

QUIMBY
(indicating to orange car)
Captain --- I think we have them. Yes! That's it, Captain! That's the Road Runner!

PILOT #1
You're sure this time?

QUIMBY
Yes! Yes, I'm quite sure! This isn't like the others --- this vehicle is actually orange. It must be them!

Quimby lets loose the giddy, screw-headed smirk of an overfiend ready to pounce.

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED: 171

PILOT #1
(after nodding to Quimby)
Command to Overthrusters One and Two --- target acquisition confirmed at 2300 yards--turn on coordinates 1 - 0 - niner and assume attack formation.

QUIMBY
I want you to fire a warning shot about twenty yards ahead of them --- in the lane to their left.

CUT TO:

172 EXT. SCHOOL BUS - NIGHT 172

REVERSE TRACK on a orange school bus filled with a group of SHRINERS on their way home from a convention. They are all in the midst of SINGING the "BUMBLE BEE SONG" in perfect harmony.

Just ahead of the bus, there is a TANKER TRUCK driving slowly. The Truck Driver sticks his arm out the window and motions the bus to pass him.

About a quarter of a mile in the distance, we can see the three helicopters --- now side-by-side --- swoop down behind the bus. We see the muzzle burst from the Command Chopper's missile pod, just as the bus turns on its signal light, accelerates into passing speed and changes lanes. The missile strikes the bus dead on and annihilates it in a massive explosion as we:

FLASH CUT TO:

173 EXT./INT. COMMAND SYNDICATE CHOPPER - NIGHT 173

The Chopper is coming up on the orange vehicle which is now flipped on it's side and in flames. Both Quimby and the Pilot can see that the vehicle is, in fact, an orange school bus.

QUIMBY
Nerts! Foiled again!

The Pilot gives Quimby an agitated glare --- the THUP THUP THUP of the ROTAR BLADES melts into the CHUG CHUG CHUG of TELETYPE MACHINES as we:

CUT TO:

174 INT. INTERFAITH SECURITY COUNCIL HEADQUARTERS - MORNING 174

The Council's headquarters in the void has been transformed into the bustling command center of a major crisis.

The elevated platform is now surrounded --- to the left we see a battery of fifty CHUGGING TELETYPE MACHINES --- all being monitored by TWENTY TELETYPE CLERKS --- to the right, a grid of one hundred telephone switchboard stations, each one manned by a SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR. Everyone is in the process of acquiring or investigating leads on the whereabouts of Fathers Crowley and Michaels.

ANGLE CLOSE ON OPERATOR #22 in the midst of a phone call.

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED: 174

INTERFAITH OPERATOR #22
A petrol station? Right. Interstate 11 --- Charleston, Missouri --- got it.

Operator #22 quickly writes the information down on a piece of paper and tears off his headset. MOVING with OPERATOR #22 as he gets up from his station and hurries his way down the aisle of other stations to the elevated platform.

Ministers Ick, Sick, and Dick are situated along the outer rim of the platform. Their boardroom table has been replaced by a gigantic floor map that depicts the Eastern United States. There are several large ORANGE MARKERS positioned along Interstate Route#11, which runs North from Memphis. Each Marker is stenciled with a specific date and time.

INTERFAITH OPERATOR #22 (cont'd)
(holding up his report)
We have another sighting ---

Minister Ick grabs the report from the Operator and reads it.

MINISTER ICK
(reading from report)
A petrol station about ten miles North of Charleston, Missouri --- along Interstate 11 Approximately 6:30 p.m.

Minister Ick hands the report to the MAP CLERK, who stamps the time and date on another orange marker. The Map Clerk then uses a shuffleboard stick to move the marker to its position on the map. The Ministers come over and examine the new marker's location on the map.

MINISTER ICK (cont'd)
(using a pointer stick)
The last sighting was here --- in Blytheville, Arkansas at 4:30 p.m. --- and this latest sighting in Missouri at 9:00 p.m. --- now given the distance between these two points, we can estimate their rate of travel to be in the area of one hundred and twenty miles per hour ---

MINISTER SICK
Well ,given their current rate of speed, where does that put them as of right now?

Minister Ick looks at his watch which reads 6:00 am, does a few calculations in his head, looks at the map.

MINISTER ICK
(pointing to it on map)
St. Louis.

The DING DONG of a DOORBELL is suddenly HEARD as we:

CUT TO:

175 INT. MORROW RESIDENCE - MORNING 175

Felix and Ringo are standing at the front door of a hum drum suburban home. We can see that the Road Runner is parked down the block.

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED: 175

Ringo wears a long overcoat over his bare chest and has the sledgehammer slung over his shoulder. Felix, though his uniform is ragtorn and stained, has obviously made some attempt at straightening himself up. Overwrought with anticipation, he crosses his arms, wrapping them around himself -- the fanny pack is around his waist.

MRS. MARGARET MORROW, a large woman with a concerned motherly quality, answers the door in her bathrobe. She is a little bewildered by the sight of Ringo and Felix.

MRS. MORROW
Can I help you?

Felix is unable to speak and tries to smile but only comes up with a horrible ingratiating grin. He turns to Father Ringo for some articulated assistance.

RINGO
Wotcher, Mrs! My name is Father Ringo Michaels and this 'ere is, of course, Father Felix Crowley.

FELIX
We've come for your daughter.

CUT TO:

176 INT. BLACK SEDAN - MORNING 176

Angelica is slowly driving down a street lined with shops. She's looking out the window at the numbers on each store as she passes -- finally coming to a small brick building on the corner whose store-front window is filled with toys. The sign above the window reads: "Crowley's Toy Shop" --- the street number etched on its door: "233".

Angelica pulls the car over to the curb, kills the engine and checks Frank's notebook to make sure she has the right address.

CUT TO:

177 INT. CROWLEY'S TOY SHOP - MORNING 177

A charming old toy store separated into three sections, two of which are on the ground floor and a small section upstairs. There are toy-train tracks suspended from the ground floor's ceiling --- the tracks span the perimeter of the entire shop --- as does the toy-train that moves along them.

The little sleigh-bells hanging on the front-door JANGLE as Angelica enters the shop.

ALFRED CROWLEY, a kindhearted and cuddly old man, comes out of the back room and greets Angel with a warm smile.

ALFRED
Good morning and welcome to Crowley's Toy Shop.

Angelica looks at the photo and then looks at Alfred.

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED: 177

ANGELICA
Are you Alfred Crowley?

ALFRED
Yes, my dear, that's me. How can help you?

Angelica takes out the photo of Felix and Madelyne and shows it to Alfred.

ANGELICA
Who's the girl in this photograph and where I can find her?

Alfred puts on his bifocals and examines the snapshot.

ALFRED
How did you get this photograph?

ANGELICA
(forceful)
Never mind that, just tell me who the fucking girl is.

ALFRED
(indignant)
Now, see here, young lady --- that kind of talk will get you nowhere.

Angelica takes out her gun and trains it on Alfred. He is startled and terrified by the sight of it.

ANGELICA
I don't have time to be polite, Alfred.
(yells)
Now, who's the fucking girl?

ALFRED
(stuttering scared)
Her name is Madelyne, Madelyne Morrow. She was my son's high school sweetheart.

ANGELICA
Where is Madelyne now?

ALFRED
She moved out of town years ago. Could be anywhere. Although her parents still live only a few minutes away from here.

ANGELICA
(motioning with the gun)
Come on --- I want you to show me.

CUT TO:

178 INT. MORROW DEN - MORNING 178

An upper middle class residence straight out of a 1955 Sears' Catalog. A 1930s RADIO churns out: "The Burns and Allen Show"

Mrs. Morrow is seated on the sofa next to her husband, MR. EDWARD MORROW. Old Ed is really absolutely huge, bald as a coot and

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED: 178

completely senile. He just stares at Ringo with vacant eyes and drools all over himself.

Seated in the love seat across from the Morrows are Felix and Ringo. Felix is in the middle of his pitch mode -- frothing at the mouth, looking like a man suffering from rabies of the mind.

FELIX
-- Of course you can take your choice between God and sex. If you choose both, you're a hypocrite. If you choose neither, you get nothing. I mean, can you even begin to grasp that? While I have been fumbling over artifacts and contemplating the past and God and all, other men have been fornicating with comely women...

Ringo spots a little crystal decanter filled with brandy sitting on the coffee table.

MRS. MORROW
I don't understand, Father --- Why are you telling me all of this? What do you want?

Felix begins to sway, looking down at his feet, hiding a bashful smile.

FELIX
I've come here today, traveled great distances, endured extravagant pain, overcome unfathomable obstacles, abstained from extreme temptation -- all to ask you and your husband for your daughter's hand in marriage. I'm in love with your daughter. I have always loved Madelyne.

Ringo grabs the brandy, throws his head back and guzzles down the booze with a few inhumane gulps. A FALSETTO WHINE follows as he comes up fighting for air.

RINGO
I can vouch for that.

MRS. MORROW
Well, I'm sorry, Father, but I'm afraid I have some upsetting news --- you see, Madelyne is already married.

Felix sags deep with despair and starts to CRY like a little boy.

MRS. MORROW
(confused)
I wasn't aware the church allowed clerics to marry.

RINGO
They don't --- but we are no longer affiliated with that church.

Felix wipes away the tears and eyes Mrs. Morrow with a definite venom while he massages the sledgehammer.

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED: 178

FELIX
(evil grin)
Yes, that's right. We have a new one.

CUT TO:

179 INT. ANGELICA'S BLACK SEDAN - MORNING 179

Alfred is clad in a dapper little seersucker suit and bow-tie. He drives the car while Angelica keeps her gun trained on him.

ALFRED
Now see here, young lady. What's this all about?

ANGELICA
Trust me, Alfred, you don't want to know.

ALFRED
Well, what are you going to do with that gun?

ANGELICA
(after a long beat)
I'm going to save somebody's soul.

CUT TO:

180 INT. MORROW'S DEN - MORNING 180

The grisly aftermath of a cataclysm of rage.

Ringo is patrolling about the field of blood and becoming unusual. There is a distinct possibility his fuses are going to blow.

RINGO
I should cripple your arse for this, you brainless scumbag! After all this, all we 'ave been through, now we 'ave to deal with all of this aggro? Hoy, I'm talking to you!

Felix sinks back into the gore-covered couch and greases his hair back with the blood that covers his hands. The contours of Mr. and Mrs. Morrow's skull-crushed carcasses at his feet.

FELIX
(calmly)
Don't worry, Brother. Everything is under control.

RINGO
Under control? How are we supposed to find her now? You killed her bloody parents. Didn't even ask them where she lives, what her married name is. She could be anywhere!

FELIX
It doesn't matter.

(CONTINUED)

180 CONTINUED: 180

RINGO
What in the fuck are you saying it doesn't matter, I thought she was all that mattered!?

FELIX
The funeral.

RINGO
The funeral?

FELIX
The funeral...

RINGO
(astonished realization)
The fucking funeral. Why that's fantastic! I would 'ave never thought of that. Brother, forgive me, you're a bloody genius!

Ringo picks up a photo of Maddy off the mantle and breaks out in a giddy, quavering sort of smile. Felix joins him and they smile together.

Suddenly we HEAR the DING DONG of the doorbell and the grinning, blood-stained Priests stop smiling.

181 EXT. MORROW RESIDENCE - MORNING 181

Angelica and Alfred standing at the front door. Angel RINGS the DOORBELL once again.

182 INT. MORROW RESIDENCE - MORNING 182

POV FELIX: A PEEPHOLE PERSPECTIVE of Angelica and Alfred standing at the door. We catch a quick glimpse of the gun in Angelica's hand.

RINGO O.S.
(whispering)
Who is it?

FELIX O.S.
(dreaded whisper)
It's my father ---

RINGO
Your father!?

FELIX
Yes ---

RINGO
What absolute twaddle...

Ringo tears Felix away from the peephole and has a look for himself.

RINGO (cont'd)
That's your father, alright --- but who's the pistol-packing temptress standing next to him?

(CONTINUED)

182 CONTINUED: 182

FELIX
I haven't got the foggiest.

183 EXT. MORROW RESIDENCE - MORNING 183

ALFRED
Doesn't look like anyone's at home.

In a sudden burst of simultaneous action --- Felix swings door open, greets his father with a pathological smile and before Angelica has time to get a shot off, Ringo suddenly explodes out of the shadows and sledgehammers her in the stomach. Angelica keels to the ground, spurting up blood, gasping for air.

RINGO
(to Angel)
No need to get uptight, sister. All is right. All is well.

Felix throws his arms around his father and gives him a big hug.

FELIX
Hey, Pa! What are you doing here?

Alfred Crowley looking mighty disturbed as we:

CUT TO:

184 EXT. TRIPLEX NURSING HOME - DAWN 184

An illuminated sign reads: "Triplex Nursing Home - Memphis, Tennessee". Otherwise, it looks identical to the other homes.

185 INT. TRIPLEX NURSING HOME - LANGERMAN'S OFFICE - DAWN 185

Hans Langerman stands in front of a large window, staying cool with a cigarette in one hand. We can see the reflection of the giant radius map hanging from the wall behind him. This map, like the Council's, plots the priest's trail of mayhem along Route#11 The last marker is positioned right next to Jackson, Missouri. The clock on the wall reads 4:21 am.

FRAU FRAU LACTIVIA, an unbelievably saucy woman with short jetblack hair, powder-pale skin and bloodshot eyes, slinks into the office. She is wearing a tight black military suit.

LACTIVIA
Herr Langerman, you have a NON-DROP PRIORITY TRANSMISSION from Sub-Director Quimby ---

Hans doesn't move, just takes another puff from his cigarette.

LANGERMAN
Patch it through to my desk.

Lactivia walks over to the desk and switches on the DESK RECEIVER. We can HEAR the ROTOR ROAR of the helicopter in the background.

LANGERMAN (cont'd)
Yes, what is it, Quimby?

(CONTINUED)

185 CONTINUED: 185

QUIMBY VIA RECEIVER V.O.
Mein führer, I think we may have a major breakthrough --- I've just been informed by our contacts in Law Enforcement that there has been another sledgehammer incident --- this time in St. Louis. The victims, Edward and Margaret Morrow, were found in their home earlier this evening by neighbors --- but forensics confirms their time of death to be early yesterday--

LANGERMAN
(interrupting)
Enough of the details, Quimby, just cap to the climax.

QUIMBY VIA RECEIVER V.O.
The victims are survived by only one child --- their daughter MADELYNE --- who at this very moment is en route from Greenland and due to arrive in time for the funeral.

Langerman spins around and glares at the desk receiver.

LANGERMAN
(mumbles to himself)
Madelyne --- yes, of course --- the object of Father Crowley's affections.
(spins around and approaches desk)
Quimby, where and when is this funeral?

QUIMBY VIA RECEIVER V.O.
St. Nelfrid's Cathedral. High noon. Today.

LANGERMAN
Brilliant work, Quimby! Brilliant! Return to central at once.

Langerman switches off the desk receiver, looks up at Lactivia with a sadistic smile.

LANGERMAN (cont'd)
I want my shock-commandos mobilized and battle ready by 0-900 hours.

CUT TO:

186 INT. INTERFAITH SECURITY COUNCIL HEADQUARTERS - DAWN 186

Ick, Sick and Dick are situated just to the side of the elevated platform. Each of the Ministers is seated in his own steam cabinet --- the cabinets enclose the body from the neck down and are positioned side-by-side. The Smiling Deacon's keeping them cool with a bucket full of ice.

They are listening to Rudy Vallee's "You're Driving Me Crazy" on an old radio

MINISTER SICK
(exasperated)
Almost twenty-four hours have passed and still nothing! Where do you think they could be!?

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED: 186

MINISTER DICK
(with a hint of envy)
Well, I suspect they're out and about --- destroying this, molesting that. You know, the usual.

MINISTER ICK
No, I don't think so. We would have heard something had there been any mayhem.

An INTERFAITH TELETYPE CLERK with a sheet of teletype paper in his hand approaches the Ministers.

TELETYPE CLERK
Excuse me, Ministers. I don't want to intrude, but I think you should take a look at this.

The Clerk holds it up in front of Ick --- but both Sick and Dick lean there heads in.

MINISTER ICK
What is this?

TELETYPE CLERK
It's a teletype transcription of the funeral announcement column from today's St. Louis Examiner.

MINISTER DICK
(scanning the page)
What are we supposed to be looking at?

TELETYPE CLERK
(points it out)
Right there, the second to last entry.

POV ICK: His sights ZOOM IN ON the funeral announcement which reads: "God, The Lord Our --- Visitation and funeral services will be held today at noon --- St. Nelfrid's Cathedral --- 2121 Worchlock Ave."

Sick suddenly starts SCREAMING in horror and he doesn't stop for the rest of the scene.

MINISTER DICK
Ohhhh fuck! It's an open-casket service!

MINISTER ICK
(orders clerk,clipped military tone)
Sound the alarm and notify the Cardinal --- I want Strike Team Operational Detachments 7,12, and 18 scrambled and in the air --- fully loaded and ready to drop. The time has come for us to do battle.

We HEAR a CHURCHBELL begin to TOLL as we:

CUT TO:

187 EXT. ST. NELFRID'S CATHEDRAL - MORNING 187

A large Gothic cathedral --- gargoyles, spires, steeples and the like --- perched on top of a hill that rises above the entire city.

The first of the MOURNERS are beginning to arrive as we:

188 INT. CATHEDRAL BELL TOWER - MORNING 188

A slow continuous PAN across --- Father Felix --- dressed in a sky-blue tuxedo and yellow bow-tie. The fanny pack is strapped around his waist. Drooling all over himself in anticipation as he watches the MOURNERS begin to arrive below.

The PAN CONTINUES across --- Father Ringo --- dressed in a vestment and gown as he tolls the bell with a bloody sledgehammer.

THE PAN ENDING on a pile of skull-crushed corpses. The entire diocese, from the Bishop on down, are stacked in the corner of the bell tower.

CUT TO:

189 EXT. CROWLEY'S TOY SHOP - LATE MORNING 189

A black Quick Elector pulls up to the curb. The door opens and out comes Frank tucking a mean looking sawed-off shotgun under his jacket. He looks like he's on the very edge of death, twitching uncontrollably, bloodshot eyes --- every minute or so he has to shoot himself in the back with his newly acquired vermifuge.

190 INT. CROWLEY'S TOY SHOP - LATE MORNING 190

Everything appears to be normal but Alfred is no where in sight.

The little sleigh-bells hanging on the front-door JANGLE as Frank enters the shop.

Alfred suddenly comes out of the back room and greets Frank with a smile. Although he looks exactly the same as when we last saw him, there is something different about this man --- there is something sordid about the smile on his face, something wicked.

ALFRED
Good morning and welcome to Crowley's Toy Shop.

FRANK
Alfred Crowley?

ALFRED
Alfred Crowley, yes.

FRANK
I'm looking for an old friend of your son's --- a girl named Madelyne.

ALFRED
But of course you are --- she's a very popular girl you know --- yes a wonderful girl --- my son Felix absolutely adores her ---

(MORE) (CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED: 190

ALFRED (cont'd)
(proud)
And I, myself couldn't have hoped for a lovelier daughter-in-law.

FRANK
What are you talking about?

ALFRED
Well, they are to be married this afternoon.

FRANK
Felix is here in St. Louis?

ALFRED
Yes, but of course he is.

FRANK
Where can I find him?

ALFRED
Well, I suspect he's at the funeral right about now.

FRANK
Funeral? Who's Funeral?

ALFRED
(gesturing to the heavens)
His.

FRANK
An where exactly is His Funeral being held?

ALFRED
Only a few blocks away from here --- St. Nelfrid's Cathedral.

Frank turns around and is about to exit the store when a few drops of blood suddenly fall onto his face. He looks up and sees the toy train moving along the suspended track. The train is covered in fresh blood. Frank immediately takes out his sawed-off, whips around and trains it on Alfred, who is completely unfazed by the threat.

ALFRED (cont'd)
Is there a problem?

MOVING with Frank as he cautiously follows the train into the shop's back room --- where he finds a pool of blood on the ground located just below the edge of the second floor. Slowly dripping down over the ledge, the blood splatters onto the train as it passes. Frank WUSCHCLACKS a round into the chamber and approaches a the stairs that lead to the second floor. Next to the stairs there is a cute little sign which reads: "DOLLS AND STUFFED ANIMALS UPSTAIRS".

Frank ascends the steps to the second floor where he makes a shocking and horrible discovery: the source of the flowing blood is Angelica. Clad in a white dress turned red with blood, Angelica has been lovingly positioned at a little girl's tea table --- seated in a little chair amongst the dense array of stuffed animals.

(CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED: 190

Frank's senses capsize --- he can't move --- he can't speak --- he can't breath --- all he can do is just stand there, reeling with nausea --- paralyzed with horror and dread.

FRANK
(choked up whisper)
My God, Angel. (beat) What have they done to you?

ALFRED O.S.
By my honor, we only did what she wanted us to do --- over and over and over again.

Frank spins around and finds Alfred standing there smiling at him.

ALFRED (cont'd)
Isn't she a vision? She also came here looking for Madelyne.

FRANK
(screaming)
You're a fucking liar --- she had no reason to come here ---

ALFRED
(interrupting)
Well, that's not what she told me ---

FRANK
What the fuck are you talking about?

ALFRED
Well, she told me that she came here to save somebody's soul.

Suddenly there's nothing happening except what Alfred has just said. Frank looks at Angel and then shuts his eyes with the dread of knowing whose soul she came here to save. His body sags under the tremendous weight of sickening guilt that has just been heaved onto his shoulders.

ALFRED (cont'd)
Is everything alright, my boy? You're looking a little peaked. Perhaps you'd like a glass of water, or maybe a little wink of schnapps?

FRANK
(keeps his eyes closed)
Father Michaels and your son --- did they show you what was inside their little orange bag?

ALFRED
Yes, but of course they did ---

FRANK
Did they show her?

Alfred LAUGHS indulgently, holding in check a deeper, more explosive delight. And without even opening his eyes Frank trains his shotgun on Alfred, pulls the trigger, and blows the old man away.

(CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED: 190

Frank opens his eyes, approaches Angelica, regards her for a moment and starts to quietly WEEP. Kicking the little table out of the way, Frank drops his gun, kneels before Angel and puts his arms around her calfs --- making it look as though he were begging her for something.

FRANK (cont'd)
(kisses her feet and quietly whispers)
Forgive me, Angel. (beat) Forgive me.

Frank gets up, wipes away the tears and using every bit of his strength, turns all of his overwhelming emotion in on itself. MOVING with Frank as he exits the shop. We can actually see him turning his guilt into resolve, his fear into fortitude, his warm blood into cold.

CUT TO:

191 INT. SAINT NELFRID'S CATHEDRAL - DAY 191

An organ churns a "Funeral March For Queen Mary".

The inside of this Gothic cathedral looks more like a theater than a church. Elaborate candle chandeliers hang from the ceiling. Lush tapestries and velvet red curtains drape the walls. Six towering stain-glass windows depicting ultra-violent scenes from the Bible adorn the three windows on each side of the cathedral.

The pews are filled with the FRIENDS and RELATIVES of the Morrows'. The Mourner's Bench is occupied by a weeping MADELYNE MORROW FORESTER, her sympathetic husband, PERCIFUL and their two bickering children; NETHANDRILL and CONSTANCE.

CONSTANCE
(whining)
Daddy! Daddy! Nethandrill doesn't eat crust! He doesn't eat crust!

NETHANDRILL
(whining back)
I do too! I do too eat crust! I eat more crust than you...

PERCIFUL
Now. Now. I eat more crust than the both of you put together...so quit your grousing and stop upsetting your mum.

192 INT. CATHEDRAL LIBRARY - DAY 192

A dark and round room dense with books. Ringo is seated at the large table covered with guns and ammunition of every sort. He is ripping a bong-load of speed and preparing for his eulogy.

Felix is busy looking out through the crack of the door at a cathedral full of people.

RINGO
Hoy! Can you see her?

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED: 192

FELIX
She is even more radiant than I had imagined.

RINGO
Stand aside, Brother, and let us have a look.

Ringo comes over to the door for a look.

FELIX
She's in the first row on the right.

RINGO
(the only word Ringo can utter)
Vagina.

FELIX
Vagina, indeed. (beat) I hate to say this but this place is beginning to get to me. I think I'm getting the FEAR.

RINGO
Brother, you must understand, that this is the main nerve. This is what you've been waiting for.

FELIX
I know. I know. That's what gives me the fear.

RINGO
No need to get up-tight, Brother. I've got my eulogy like all worked out and everything.

FELIX
What are you going to tell them?

RINGO
Why, the truth, of course.

FELIX
That's good. That's good. You can't be too subtle in this town.

CUT TO:

193 EXT. SYNDICATE CHOPPERS - DAY 193

VARIOUS ANGLES OF TEN BLACK SYNDICATE CHOPPERS: Flying in attack formation over the city of St. Louis, each of the Choppers is filled with SYNDICATE COMMANDOS. The Commandos are armed to the hilt and outfitted in full battle-regalia.

194 INT. COMMAND SYNDICATE CHOPPER - DAY 194

Langerman is positioned in the co-pilot's seat --- he loads his two Mausers and addresses his troops via the radio.

LANGERMAN
Men --- this is your fearless Director reminding you all that this is it! This is
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

194 CONTINUED: 194

LANGERMAN (cont'd)
the zero hour --- our moment in time! This is the final solution! This --- is the big one.

VARIOUS ANGLES OF COMMANDOS: They are nervous and excited --- fondling their assault rifles, grenade launchers, etc. Each Commando has been given photographs of Father Crowley and Father Michaels. They study them carefully.

LANGERMAN V.O
Your mission here today is simple: retrieve the small orange fanny pack from the priests. We must have it. We must have the small orange fanny pack!

CUT TO:

195 EXT. C-141 HERCULES INTERFAITH TRANSPORT AIRCRAFT - DAY 195

A huge C-141 Hercules Transport Aircraft -- flying high above St. Louis. The side of the aircraft is painted with the "Interfaith Insignia"

196 INT. C-141 HERCULES SYNDICATE TRANSPORT AIRCRAFT - DAY 196

Ministers Ick, Sick, and Dick sit nervously amongst FIFTY BATTLE-READY INTERFAITH PARA-TROOPERS. The Troopers are separated into two rows of twenty-five men on either side of the aircraft. Each Para-Trooper has been given photographs of Father Crowley and Father Michaels. They study them carefully.

One of the Para-Troopers is playing a ghostly battle hymn on his harmonica "The Saints Go Marching On" as Cardinal Cartekker, via radio, leads the men in a prayer before battle.

CARTEKKER VIA RADIO V.O.
You must fight the good fight of faith and lay hold on eternal life. You must gird up the loins of your minds and resolve yourselves to the task at hand --- you must kill the heretics and retrieve the small orange fanny pack, no matter what the cost --- or nowhere will our faith be secure.

PILOT VIA RADIO O.S.
Almighty, Almighty, this is Crusader One -- we have target acquisition --- prepare to bring down the gauntlet -- we are go for low level insertion --- in mark, three minutes.

CO-PILOT
(SCREAMING back to the troopers)
Get ready to drop and stomp.

CUT TO;

197 EXT./INT. BUICK ELECTRA - DAY 197

VARIOUS ANGLES of Frank flailing through the streets of St. Louis in his Buick Electra. Converging on St. Nelfrid's Cathedral.

CUT TO:

198 INT. SAINT NELFRID'S CATHEDRAL - DAY 198

As an organ churns out a "Funeral March For Queen Mary", Father Ringo enters the Cathedral from the rear and begins a slow and ominous march down the center aisle --- making his way towards the pulpit. His movements are totally in sync with the music.

Over the top pomp and circumstance.

CUT TO:

199 INT. BUICK ELECTRA - DAY 199

Frank speeds down a busy street but is forced to stop by a red light. He can see that the entrance to the Cathedral's driveway is just across the intersection ahead. He slams down on the gas, shoots out into on coming traffic and BOOOOM! Gets Hammered into a grisly, mutli-car pile up as we:

CUT BACK TO:

200 INT. SAINT NELFRID'S CATHEDRAL - DAY 200

Felix is standing behind the altar curtain, his gaze locked on Madelyne. Father Ringo takes his place behind the pulpit and gives the congregation a big sloppy smile. Positioned in front of the pulpit is a large open casket and sitting inside this casket is the orange fanny pack.

RINGO
Greetings. Good afternoon and welcome. I'm so glad you all could join us for this auspicious and exciting occasion ---

CUT TO:

201 EXT. CATHEDRAL DRIVEWAY - DAY 201

MOVING WITH FRANK as he ditches his car and begins to hump it up the driveway on foot --- shotgun in hand. Frank suddenly hears a strange THUNDER from above and sees the grouping of ten Syndicate Choppers approaching the Cathedral from the North.

A look of dread comes across his face, he knows who it is. The dread quickly turns into dropped-jawed awe when Frank sees the C-141 HERCULES TROOP TRANSPORT making its descent for a low level insertion over the Cathedral. Frank kicks it into gear and starts a mad dash as we:

CUT TO:

202 INT. COMMAND SYNDICATE CHOPPER - DAY 202

CHOPPERS #1 AND #2 flank either side of the command chopper while rapidly approaching Saint Nelfrid's Cathedral.

Looking up through the windshield, the command pilot's attention is suddenly drawn to an awe-inspiring sight --- high above the Cathedral --- as FIFTY INTERFAITH PARA-TROOPERS drop out of the rear of a C-141 TROOP TRANSPORT.

(CONTINUED)

202 CONTINUED: 202

COMMAND PILOT
(to Langerman)
Sir ---
(gesturing to C-141)
We've got company.

Langerman follows the Pilot's gaze and sees the Para-troopers dropping out of the Interfaith C-141.

LANGERMAN
(snaps with fury)
MONOTHEISTIC SWINE!
(into comlink handset)
Notify all units: I want all para-insurgents to be shot on sight.

COMMAND PILOT
Who are they?

LANGERMAN
The enemy!

CUT TO:

203 INT. SAINT NELFRID'S CATHEDRAL - DAY 203

The THUMP THUMP THUMP of HELICOPTER ROTORS are suddenly HEARD as the choppers surround the Cathedral. They rake their XENON spotlights through the stained glass windows and turn the place into a psychedelic sanctuary of colored light. Everyone in the church is trying to figure out what's happening. Ringo could care less, he's so high, it's inspiring.

RINGO
Dearly beloved --- we are gathered here today to commemorate the death of the pig-sucking wanker responsible for every fuck-up in this world and every lie about the next --- yeah, that's right, I'm talking about that Master of Might Himself, that source of salvation --- The all powerful, all knowing, all seeing LORD, OUR GOD.
(smiles)
Brothers and Sisters, God is dead.

A SIMULTANEOUS EXPLOSION OF SLOW MOTION ACTION: As Frank Doyle ERUPTS through the church doors and charges the altar, firing his shotgun at Ringo --- SIX SYNDICATE COMMANDOS on repel lines come CRASHING through each of the stain-glass windows.

Panic breaks out, people SCREAM, rushing out of the Cathedral. Ringo dives forward --- lands on the open casket, grabs the fanny pack and straps it on. Felix appears from behind the curtain, assault rifle in hand.

FELIX
(screaming)
Madelyne. Madelyne. Please don't go. I've come all this way just to see you. I love you. I love you.

Madelyne SCREAMS, diving beneath one of the benches to avoid being hit by flying glass, bullets or shrapnel. Frank sees that she has become separated from her husband.

(CONTINUED)

203 CONTINUED: 203

Felix dives off the altar and lunges toward Madelyne.

FELIX (cont'd)
Madelyne. Darling. It is me. Felix. Felix Crowley, remember? I've come to rescue you.

Frank quickly trains his sights on Felix and BOOSH he fires the 12-gauge with one arm --- the kickback causes him to miss his target. Felix dives for cover behind a pew as Frank jacks another round in the chamber and fires it off. And another. And another. Advancing a step each time he fires. But Frank is abruptly forced to take cover from the unrelenting stream of bullets coming from the Commandos.

Felix hunkers down beneath a pew, cringing under the torrent of debris and gunfire. Felix pulls back the firing bolt of his gun and is about to return fire. He looks down a few rows and sees Madelyne huddled in a ball, SCREAMING for her life.

FELIX (cont'd)
(screaming)
Ringo! Ringo! The Destroyer, he's here! He's come back from the dead.

RINGO O.S.
(screaming back)
What!?

FELIX
(screaming even louder)
THE DESTROYER IS HERE!

RINGO
(screaming to Felix)
No need to get up-tight, Brother. You just sit tight whilst I procure me some unadulterated weaponry. All will be right. All will be well.

FELIX
Right. Did you hear that Madelyne, my love? All will be right. All will be well.

Madelyne takes one look at him and starts to scream even louder.

A COMMANDO stands at the balcony rail and lays down a horrendous field of fire with his machine gun. Felix springs up, returns fire and empties the rest of his mag into the Commando, blowing the bastard off the balcony.

The body lands right in front of Frank with a THUD. Frank quickly scavenges the Commando for weapons and ammo --- he comes away with a .357 magnum and two speed-loaders worth of ammo.

Ringo grabs the sledgehammer from beneath the pulpit and savagely swings it into the face of an APPROACHING COMMANDO whose head explodes on impact. THE OTHER COMMANDOS open fire on Ringo forcing him to take cover behind the pulpit. Ringo uses the Approaching Commando's body as a shield. Unclipping three smoke grenades from the Commando's tactical vest, Ringo pulls the pins and throws one in each direction. Smoke begins to fill the Cathedral.

203 CONTINUED: 203

Ringo rips off the FLACK/TACTICAL VEST and puts it on. He then jumps out from behind the pulpit and steamrolls his way towards ANOTHER SYNDICATE COMMANDO, his sledgehammer poised to strike.

POV ANOTHER SYNDICATE COMMANDO: SLOW MOTION STROBE -- Father Ringo moving in with a full on frontal attack. The Commando empties an entire clip into Father Ringo's chest. Ringo's flack vest bursts open as it absorbs the onslaught of lead. Ringo's momentum is too strong for bullets to stop him.

Ringo wades into the Commando with a flying clothesline that drives the poor bastard to his knees and then sledgehammers his head down into the rest of his body.

RINGO
The nail that sticks up gets hammered down.

The Cathedral dome suddenly EXPLODES open. Amid the raining debris, ropes fall to the floor and INTERFAITH PARA-TROOPERS rappel down. The red beams of their laser sighted sub-machine guns cut through the dense smoke. The strobes from their muzzle-bursts light up the Cathedral like welders' arcs.

Ringo takes the Commando's sub-machine gun, ejects the spent clip, and slams in a new one.

RINGO
(big smile, looking up at the spectacle)
Looks like it's gonna be an automatic kind of day.

Ringo opens fire in a blaze of glory. All hell is breaking loose as the Syndicate Commandos and Interfaith Para-troopers engage each other in battle.

CUT TO:

204 EXT. ST. NELFRID'S CATHEDRAL - VARIOUS ANGLES 204

Five of the ten Syndicate Choppers circle above St. Nelfrid's as Interfaith Paratroopers touchdown on and around the Cathedral. Heavy gunplay between Commandos and Para-troopers.

We see THE PILOT OF CHOPPER#2 lean outside his window and open-fire with a sub-machine gun --- he fills a PARA-TROOPER'S parachute with bullet holes and the canopy collapses. The Para-trooper free-falls about 100ft before he is impaled through the chest by one of the Cathedral's steeples.

ANOTHER PARA-TROOPER is gliding in too fast -- out of control --- he drops right above one of the choppers, gets sucked into the vortex of the rotor blades, and is chopped into pieces.

MINISTER DICK comes gliding into the scene with a fucking flame-thrower strapped to his back and while passing Chopper #2, he pulls back on the trigger --- letting loose a jet of napalm that covers the entire face of the chopper in liquid fire.

204 CONTINUED: 204

Dick lands safely on the Cathedral's roof as the flame-fucked chopper begins to spin out of control

CUT TO:

205 INT. ST. NELFRID'S CATHEDRAL - DAY 205

Madelyne is under a pew --- rolled in a ball screaming. Felix, amid the gunfire, is trying to reach her. Frank pops out of a cloud of smoke. He sees Madelyne and looks across the pew to Felix --- their eyes meet as Frank plunges towards Madelyne... And just as Felix is about to open-fire ---

Chopper #2, engulfed in flames, CRASHES through the ceiling just above the altar and EXPLODES as it hits the ground.

The blast concussion drive Felix into the ground --- knocking him senseless --- looking up he can see Frank dragging Madelyne through a doorway towards the back of the Cathedral --- above the door, etched in stone, is the word: "Crypt". Felix SCREAMS in horror.

Looking up, Felix sees a dark figure lunging down towards him -- repelling in from above. Felix fires one BURST, prone. Clean body hit. The flash lights up the hideous grin of Minister Dick -- his thorax has been blown open. Dick drops in the gunsmoke while reflexively triggering his flame-thrower. A stream of liquid fire arcs around as he falls --- we HEAR the terrible SCREAMS of a man being set on fire as Minister Ick appears out of the smoke -- engulfed in flames as we:

CUT TO:

206 INT. CATHEDRAL CORRIDOR - DAY 206

Frank drags Madelyne down a long and narrow hall. He has used a belt to tie her arms around her back and has gagged her.

Hans Langerman suddenly emerges out of the shadows at the end of the hall. He's got a Mauser in each hand and the feverish gleam of an overfiend in his eyes.

LANGERMAN
Well, well, well. It seems the afternoon knows what the morning never suspected --- back from the dead again, are we Frank?

FRANK
What's the matter Hans? You don't look very happy to see me...

LANGERMAN
Happy to see you?
(chuckles)
The only thing I detest more than a sanctimonious convert, is a sanctimonious crusader

Langerman opens fire with awkward rapidity and no accuracy. Frank throws Madelyne off to the left, rolls to the right, draws his gun and drops the Nazi with one shot. He grabs Madelyne and walks over. Hans is lying on the ground trying to put what's left of his spleen back into what's left of his stomach. Hans looks up at Frank and gives him an defiant glare.

(CONTINUED)

206 CONTINUED: 206

LANGERMAN (cont'd)
(gurgling blood)
I promise you, Frank ---- in the end, you're going to die alone and unforgiven just like, just like the rest of us. Mark my words...

FRANK
Mark 'em yourself Hans, you're preaching to the choir.

Madelyne SCREAMS as Frank puts a bullet through Langerman's skull.

CUT TO:

207 INT. SAINT NELFRID'S CATHEDRAL - DAY 207

Ringo is shooting at everything that moves. Interfaith Paratroopers and Syndicate Commandos are not only firing at Ringo, but at each other as well. Everyone trying to get the orange fanny pack strapped around his waist.

FELIX
(screams)
Look out, Brother!

Ringo spins around as Felix approaches laterally, firing his gun at his brother in arms. Ringo turns to his left and sees IRA QUIMBY being catapulted backwards by Felix's blasts. With a smile on his face, Ringo whirls back toward Felix, sees MINISTER SICK tensing to jump Felix. Firing from the hip, Ringo drills Sick into the ground with two armor-piercing bullets in the chest.

SICK
(looks up at Ringo, gasping for air)
Don't you feel anything when you pull the trigger?

RINGO
Yeah, I feel something...
(puts a bullet in his head)
I feel the fucking recoil.

Felix, in a mad panic, runs up to Ringo and grabs him by the gown.

FELIX
The Destroyer's taken my Madelyne to the crypt.
(worried yelp)
Do you think he'll sodomize her?

RINGO
Well, wouldn't you?

FELIX
What are we going to do?

RINGO
I'll tell you what we're going to do. You and me, we're gonna crucify that pig-sucking wanker. But first, we got to get ourselves out of this fine kettle of fish.

(CONTINUED)

207 CONTINUED: 207

FELIX
Who are all of these people and why are they trying to kill us?

RINGO
Who knows? There's no initiation into such plonky mysteries. It's just in and out. The only real cure is to waste every last one of them.

FELIX
Indubitably!

Ringo and Felix open fire simultaneously as everything vanishes in rapid fire flashes. Felix and Ringo walking together side by side, venting their anger in a sustained orgy of ballistic obliteration.

We see them approach the entrance of the crypt as we:

CUT TO:

208 INT. CRYPT - DAY 208

Ringo and Felix enter the crypt blasting away. They cease fire simultaneously

RINGO
(screams)
Hoy! Doyle. All we want's the vagina. Give her to us and we'll let you go.

FELIX
Yes. Yes. Give me the girl and we will let you live.

Ringo quickly reloads. He then pulls out a flare from his vest, ignites it and throws it on the ground. The campfire glow of the flare illuminates the space --- reveals Frank and Madelyne's position.

RINGO
Wotcher, kunt. Find yourself in a bit of a sticky-wicket, do ya?

Frank opens up with a sudden burst of gunfire. Ringo is grazed in the head by a ricocheting bullet. Felix dives for cover and shoots Frank in the leg.

Frank and Madelyne fall down only a few feet away from the heretics. But before Felix can make a move towards his woman, Frank has a revolver to her head.

FELIX
(gives Madelyne a comforting smile)
Don't worry, my love. I won't let him hurt you.
(turns to Frank)
Please, Frank! Let's not do anything rash.

RINGO
Come on, Frank. No need to get up-tight. We're your friends. We understand.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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RINGO (cont'd)
You've been flummoxed like us, and easy as a baby. You must feel like a right nana.

FELIX
Yes, Angelica explained everything to us. We know that you're dying --- that you're an assassin, that the Church's hired you to kill us ---

RINGO
Yeah, we know the whole story --- we even know your price.

FELIX
And do you know why they want you to kill us, Frank? I mean, they did tell you, didn't they? You know what's in the bag, don't you?

Frank closes his eyes.

RINGO
(evil chuckle)
Thass' right, close your eyes kunt.

FELIX
That's what we first did when we learned the truth. God is dead, Frank, and he didn't leave a will. So you see, there's no waiting on judgement because there is no judgement.

Ringo unstraps the fanny pack and offers it to Frank.

RINGO
Look in the bag and see for yourself.

FELIX
What's in the bag will set you free Frank. What's in the bag will show you that in the end, there are no consequences.

FRANK
(opens his eyes, trains them on Felix)
Well, if you're right and that's the truth then I could put a bullet in her brain and that would be okay?
(cocks the gun hammer back)
I could kill the woman you love and get away with it?

FELIX
(points his gun at Frank and screams)
No!

FRANK
What do you mean no? What are you going to do to me if I kill her?

FELIX
I'm going to kill you!

(CONTINUED)

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FRANK
What would you call that if not consequence?

Both Felix and Ringo are flustered by this question. This question does not compute.

FRANK (cont'd)
You see what I'm talking about? It doesn't matter whether God is dead or alive --- either way, there will ALWAYS be consequences.

Felix gives Ringo a desperate, worried look --- you can see that the walls of his world are closing in with a terrible realization.

FELIX
(after a big gulp)
Oh my God, what if he's right?

RINGO
No. No, he can't be right. Trust me, Brother. Here, I'll show you ---
(points his gun at Madelyne)
I'm not afraid.

Just as Ringo fires his gun, Felix dives in front of Madelyne, takes the bullet in the heart and falls to the ground. Frank pushes Madelyne out of the way, returns fire and sinks a slug into Ringo's belly.

Madelyne escapes --- all three men are now on the ground.

Ringo crawls over to his dying brother and cradles him in his arms. Ringo then puts his hand over Felix's heart in a futile attempt to stop the blood.

FELIX
(gasping for breath, looking at Ringo)
You're a booby.

RINGO
(weeping)
You're a booby yourself.

Felix has a minor convulsion and dies. Ringo, who is also on the verge of death, bows his head and starts to sob. Frank watches him for a few moments and then struggles to his feet.

A subtle, eerie sound is HEARD. A slight "EEEEEE." Frank can just barely stand -- the worm is moving into his brain. He only has minutes to live.

Ringo looks up and sees that Frank is about to leave. He quickly grabs his gun and points it at Frank --- the two men lock eyes.

RINGO (cont'd)
You're not leaving me here to die alone.

Frank says nothing, turns around and starts to limp away. Ringo pulls the trigger and his gun CLACKS empty. Frank smiles to himself and continues to walk.

(CONTINUED)

208 CONTINUED:

RINGO (cont'd)
(screaming)
Hoy! Kunt! After all of this, don't you want to look? Don't you want to know the truth?

Frank stops walking and turns around to face Ringo. The "EEEEE" sound grows louder in proportion to Frank's pain -- becoming disturbing.

The fanny pack lies on the ground, equidistant between them.

FRANK
The truth isn't in the bag.

RINGO
And if it isn't in the bag, then where is it?

FRANK
(gesturing to Ringo's blood-covered hands)
It's in the blood.

In his final moments of life, Ringo looks at the blood in his hands, desperately trying to find the truth.

Frank turns back around and resumes his limping stride. The "EEEEEE" sound dilating into a piercing intensity as Frank disappears into the darkness and THE SCREEN FADES TO BLACK.

THE END